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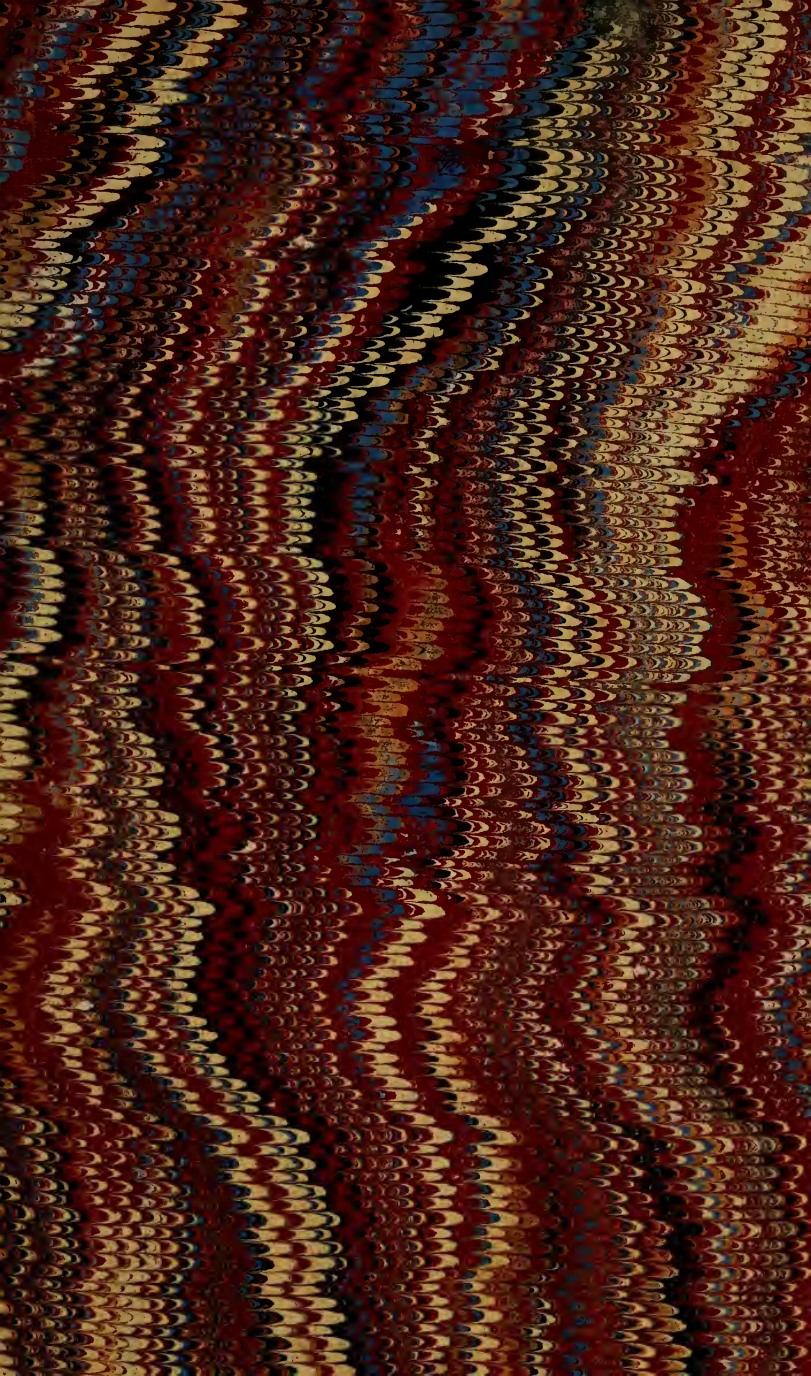




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London  
1833

My Mother Mary Barker









HAMILTON KING,

OR,

THE SMUGGLER AND THE DWARF.

BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

"TOUGH YARNS," "STORIES OF GREENWICH  
HOSPITAL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

MY LONG-ESTEEMED FRIEND

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

*These Volumes*

ARE

DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD,

BY

THE OLD SAILOR.

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# HAMILTON KING.

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## CHAPTER I.

But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,  
With nought but ghastly looks him answered ;  
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd  
From Stygian shores where late it wandered :  
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

SPENSER.

“ OH ! what shall I do ?—where can I go ?—  
will nobody help me ? ” were the cries of a little  
girl about four years old, as she stood trembling  
and weeping at the entrance to a piece of meadow  
land near the sea-port town of Weymouth. The only individual in sight was a  
stout-made elderly gentleman, mounted upon a  
superb grey horse, apparently as quiet and as  
playful as a lamb, for while it walked soberly

and steadily along, it pricked up its ears, tossed its head, and indulged in many other little pleasantries that mark high breeding.

The rider was habited in a dress that corresponded with the beau-ideal of a clerical farmer, well to do in the world, and fond of the good things of this life. He listened to the wailings of the little mourner, and as he reined in his beautiful animal to a stand-still, he exclaimed, — “ Fie—fie, little girl ! so young, and begging ! there, go—go—go—go home ; mustn’t beg ; never beg ; bad habit, begging.”

The girl gazed earnestly in his face for a moment or two to read its expression (for children are apt scholars in the study of the human countenance), and finding that, though reproof was on the tongue, there yet was benevolence in the look, she approached still nearer to the gentleman, and in mournful accents, exclaimed, “ Oh, sir, mammy is dying ! she is going to leave little Hammy and me ; but, she says she can’t die without the minister.”



“What — what !” enquired the person addressed, in a tone of eagerness, “is she dying, and wants the clergyman? Run—run, little girl; run to that white house !” pointing to an elegant mansion some quarter of a mile distant, “run—run, the minister lives there.”

“I’ve been, sir,” replied the child, still crying, “but he says he can’t come, sir, because he’s going to read prayers at the church.”

“Did you tell him your mother was dying, eh, little girl — eh?” inquired the gentleman.

“Oh yes, sir,” answered the child, “I told him everything; but he said he couldn’t spare time for strolling vagrants.”

“And is she so near her end, my child?” asked the gentleman as he bent his earnest attention to the girl’s face, for the purpose of detecting if possible whether there was any intended imposition.

But the grief of the child was evidently unaffected as she replied, “Oh, sir; mammy

says she shall never rise again. Oh, sir, she is dying—she is dying !”

“ Make haste to the town, then,” urged the gentleman, “ run — run ! or stop here, and I will ride in and send——”

“ I’ve been to the town, sir,” answered the weeping girl, “ but nobody will come, and mother is dying ! Oh, sir, do, pray help her, and do not let her die.”

This was uttered in such wild accents of real sorrow that a tear trembled in the eye of the horseman as he solemnly responded, as if in converse with his own thoughts, “ Life and death are in the hands of the King of Kings alone,” and then hastily added, “ well—well—well, little girl, where is she ? where is your mother ?” and then again communing with himself, he murmured, “ And am not I a minister ? an anointed minister ?” his hastiness of speech returned, “ Yes—yes ; take me to your mother, little girl ; take me to your mother. Where is she ?”

“ She’s in the field here, sir ; we’ve been there

all night, for mother had no money to get lodgings," replied the child, running with eagerness to open the gate, through which the gentleman having passed, she again ran on before him as fast as her little legs could carry her towards a hay-stack that stood near the hedge in a corner of the meadow. On reaching it she disappeared for a moment behind it, and then again emerging, she exclaimed "Mammy is not dead, sir, but she cannot speak to me! Oh, do save her, sir, — do save her, for the sake of little Hammy and me!"

"Poor child!" said the gentleman, dismounting from his horse, and throwing the reins over a broken fence that had once served as a protection to the stack from cattle, he patted the neck of his proud steed, which seemed restless under such restraint, "Stand still, Gustavus!" said he, and the animal immediately obeyed. The girl eagerly watched his movements, and then, taking him by the hand, he suffered himself to be conducted to the back of

the stack, where a scene presented itself that was well calculated to appal the generous sympathies of humanity, whilst it humbled the aspirations of mortal pride.

On a wide space between the hedge and the stack, a female lay extended upon a plaid cloak, with her head pillowed by some loose hay that had been collected for the purpose. She was emaciated in person, and the pallid hue of death upon her brow was unnaturally contrasted by the reddened flush of fever on the cheeks ; her skin was delicately fair, and a single glance revealed that in brighter, happier times, she had been one of Nature's most lovely flowers. Her large blue eyes were glistening and bright, but it was only that glassy appearance which is frequently the precursor of dissolution ; the thin white hands were clasped upon the breast ; the gold wedding-ring, mocking, by its ample dimensions, the shrunk and wasted finger on which it was placed. Her dress was that of gentility in decay, as if the fading remnants of



better days supplied a last and only resource. By her side lay a remarkably fine boy about two years old, who seemed by the traces of tears upon his face to have cried himself to sleep.

To witness such a spectacle unmoved was impossible, and the visitor who now approached gave ample indication that he possessed the best feelings of the human heart. He bent down over the dying woman, and put several questions; but the melancholy satisfaction of reply was denied, as she was unable to articulate a single word. Still she was perfectly sensible, and, placing her hands together in the attitude of supplication, she looked imploringly in his face. The appeal was understood—the kind-hearted man drew an ample silk-handkerchief from his pocket, and, spreading it on the ground, he knelt down; then, taking off his hat, he placed it carefully on some clean hay, and, raising his hands in prayer, he bowed his head in silence.

A wild hysterical chuckling of grateful delight

rattled in the woman's throat as she witnessed this demonstration ; she held up her own wax-like hands in token that it was comprehended. The girl knelt by her mother's head ; and there, beneath the canopy of heaven, in the temple not made with hands,—whilst the wild flowers breathed their perfume in the hedges, and the foliage looked beautiful in its early verdure,—did the hearts of the living and the dying commune with their Maker. At first the humble petition was offered up in solemn stillness ; but the earnest and imploring look of the woman had a wider meaning. This, too, was understood ; and in a few minutes the sonorous and deep-toned voice of the minister was heard pleading before the omnipotent Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal. His hastiness of utterance was gone ; his words came forth clearly articulated—slow, solemn, and impressive.

“ Oh God, the Father of heaven ! whose mercy is without bound, from thy eternal throne look down upon this my dying sister of the

dust. Alleviate her bodily pain by the word of thy power; forgive all her sins through the mediation of a divine Redeemer; strengthen her faith whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as thy righteous rod has bowed her down in tribulation, so also let thy holy staff support her in the hour of dissolution, and finally bring her to thine everlasting rest."

The minister paused; for the sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs, as well as the neighing of recognition from "Gustavus," came upon the breeze; and, in another minute or two, a numerous and splendid cavalcade appeared upon the scene of action. Amongst them were many of the handsomest and bravest of England's pride, bearing the insignia of nobility; there were officers of the navy and the army in their rich uniforms, displaying the highest rank in both services; but every tongue was hushed—every one dismounted—every head was uncovered, when they beheld the position

of the reverend minister. The woman glared at the gorgeous spectacle—it seemed to bewilder her mind ; and, as if desirous of shutting out the world, with all its pomps and vanities, she closed her eyes as the prayer proceeded.

“ Almighty Ruler,” continued the minister, “ thy searching eye already knoweth the transgressions and the sorrows of this thy suffering creature here before thee, now trembling upon the brink of the grave ; help her to call upon thee in this last trying hour for pardon and for peace, through the merits of that Saviour who was chastised for our iniquities, and who expired on the cross that we might be saved.”

A tranquil smile settled on the woman’s features, and her moving lips gave indication that her heart was in earnest prayer. The minister observed it, and his utterance became more firm and persuasive ; and as the big round tears succeeded each other down his cheeks, he continued .—

“ Oh ! let the still small voice of supplication,



though unheard by mortal ears, ascend to the footstool of thy throne. Remove the crown of thorns which the frailty of human nature may have placed upon her head, and pour upon her the healing balm of sovereign grace, to wash out every guilty stain."

Here his voice faltered with emotion, and for several minutes his entreaties were only known to that great Being to whom they were addressed. The woman, too, seemed to be similarly engaged, whilst every soul in that assembled group acknowledged the presence of the Deity. At length the minister resumed, and concluded his prayer, saying,—

"Oh God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The female opened her eyes, and extended one hand to the oracle of peace; with the other she directed his attention to her children.

"Yes—yes," replied he, "they shall be taken

care of, my poor woman ; but can nothing be done ?” He beckoned to one of the numerous party, who immediately advanced, and, as if well accustomed to such operations, he felt the pulse, placed his hand upon the heart, examined the pupil of the eye, and then shook his head.—“ Is there no hope, doctor ?” inquired the still kneeling minister.

“ No, Sire,” returned the physician—“ none. All in your Majesty’s dominions could not save her.”

The question and rejoinder, though spoke only in whispers, was not unheard by the female ; it seemed to rally life back to its stronghold. She involuntarily, and without help, sat upright ; a gaze of intense eagerness was bent upon the monarch’s countenance ; the last effort of expiring nature was put forth, and, grasping the sovereign’s arm, she exclaimed, “ My king—my husband—my children !” Her latest breath departed with the words ; her grasp relaxed, and she fell backward—a corpse.

During the foregoing proceeding the girl remained a silent but weeping spectator; but when she saw her mother fall, and became convinced that she was dead, she threw her little arms round her neck, laid her head upon the bosom on which she had so often hung in infancy, whilst her piercing shrieks rung wildly through the air, and awakened the sleeping boy, who rubbed his drowsy eyes, smiled playfully as he beheld the prancing horses and the glittering uniforms—then turning to the dead he hid his face in the cloak.

The king arose from his kneeling position, gave directions to his attendants relative to the body of the departed, and ordered inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any relatives or friends in existence to whose bounty and care the survivors might lay claim.

“And what is to be done with the children in the mean time, sire?” asked the confidential servant who had received the instructions.

“Let them be taken care of, and provided for,” replied the monarch, looking with kindly feelings of benevolence on the bereaved; “the queen will decide the rest. Yes, yes, yes, *must* show the poor things to Charlotte.”

The royal cavalcade remounted and withdrew from a scene in which the King of Terrors had shown his sovereignty before the greatest monarch in the universe, and princes had received an important moral lesson on the instability of human life.

And what is death?—a fearful mystery that is ever before us! Youth, manhood, beauty,—all that is brave and honourable, all that is great and good, fall before the tyrant; and those who have loved and cherished the living, turn with dread and disgust from the corpse, thrusting it hastily from their sight as a loathsome thing. There is a chilling horror in listening to the groaning of the screws as they confine the coffin-lid over features that are well remembered in the heart, and over motionless hands



that once were pressed with the ardency of warm affection. And what is life?—the soldier and sailor traffic in it at a few pence a day !

In about an hour a hearse arrived at the spot in which the body was deposited, and the children followed in a close carriage which had been sent for the purpose by the worthy physician, the girl weeping as if her heart would break ; the boy, unconscious of his loss, delighted with the novelty of his situation as the melancholy procession passed through the assembled crowds, who had gleaned some circumstances connected with the occurrence from persons in his Majesty's suite, and had thronged together through curiosity to witness the spectacle, as well as to express their admiration of the paternal solicitude of their royal master.

Admirable are those inquiries in England which so promptly investigate the causes of sudden death ; and though it must be admitted that in numerous instances the presiding officers were extremely illiterate men, yet they generally

possessed plain common sense and sterling honesty. A coroner's jury was summoned;—the supremacy of the law was established by the Sovereign making his deposition;—the children were questioned, but nothing could be elicited except from the girl, who stated that she had lived in a pretty cottage with her parents, had been turned out from it, and her father taken away,—she had crossed a wide pond of water with her mother,—had travelled on foot many days till they reached a great town, and went to the king's house, but finding he was not there, they had again set out;—her mother had sickened on the road the evening previously to her dissolution;—destitute of money to procure lodging or food, she had laid her on her death-bed,—the child had gathered hay for her pillow,—the night was passed beneath the canopy of heaven, and the last consolations of religion had been administered by the royal defender of the faith.

There was no clue as to whence they came,

or the purport of their journey, except the following letter, written in a bold free hand, which was found in the pocket of the woman: the direction was torn off, but the other part was untouched.

“DEAREST, DEAREST ELLEN,

“My hard-hearted brother is inexorable; he has closed every avenue of communication with my father, who but little imagines the wretched situation of his unhappy son. On you, then, Ellen, I must rely to put in practice the scheme we conversed about as a last resource. Hasten to London—lose not a moment—plead for me, and endeavour to save your wretched husband from the horrible fate which now threatens him. Oh! Ellen, dearest Ellen! by the remembrance of past endearments,—by your love for me and for our children, I implore you to persevere, and may the Great Being whose wisdom is eternal, and power infinite, guard and guide you. Do not come to me before you set

out, lest suspicion should be excited, and your purpose prevented. You are now my only hope. May God bless and restore you to your loving husband.

“ T. H. C.”

This was dated about three weeks previously to the woman's death ; but there was the date only, and the jury, after considering the evidence, returned a verdict, “ Died by the Visitation of God.”

Subsequent inquiries traced the route of the female from the neighbourhood of the metropolis. She had remained a few days in one of the villages, sickness rendering her unable to proceed ; but she had made no communication respecting herself, and though in a very unfit state, had continued her journey, till, wasted by consumption, she died, as has already been described, and after the inquest was decently interred at the royal expense.

The gracious act of his Majesty to the dying

sufferer soon became known, and loud and grateful were the greetings of his loyal subjects whenever he appeared in public. The children, too, respectably attired in mourning, were objects of earnest attraction, and at length were conducted into the royal presence; but the pomp and splendour which everywhere displayed itself dismayed the girl, who shrank back in alarm; whilst the boy, upon whom the strangeness of the scene had no other effect than as a pleasant show, looked earnestly from face to face to try if he could discover the familiar features of a friend. At length he recognised the good-humoured countenance of the king, and hastily ran towards him, but stopped short when he beheld the stern and rather repulsive look of the lady by his side.

“ See, see, Charlotte! poor thing! he recollects me—he remembers me,” uttered the king, smiling; “ Come, come, child; come here—pretty boy—Charlotte—pretty boy—flaxen hair.”

The child thus encouraged placed himself



between the monarch's knees, though not without evident awe of the queen, whose severity of aspect however relaxed a little when she looked upon the innocent and beautiful children who had been so untimely bereaved of a mother.

“ And what sal your name be ?” inquired her majesty of the shrinking girl.

“ I don't want it to be anything but what it is, ma'am,” replied the child as the tears started to her eyes.

“ And what must dat be ?” repeated the queen, whose imperfect English confused the girl.

“ What is your name ? — what, what—yes your name ?” asked the king, “ don't be frightened,—there then, there,—the queen wants to know your name ?”

“ My name, sir ?” reiterated the girl, curtseying, “ my name, sir, is Ellen ;—Nelly they used to call me at the cottage.”

“ Ellen, eh,” repeated her majesty with some degree of unintentional harshness, “ and what sal be de name for your broder ?”

“What you please, ma’am,” answered the girl, “but we always called him at home, Hammy.”

“Hammy—Hammy?” said the king, “what can that mean—what, what, eh? Hampstead or Hammersmith? droll name, Charlotte, to baptise a child—very droll.”

“Have you discover no other name?” inquired the queen as she extended her hand to the girl.

“No Charlotte,—no no,—none none,” replied the monarch; “Hammy—Hammy,” (the boy looked up and smiled,) “strange name,—comical name.”

“I presume, your Majesty, that it is an abbreviation of Hamilton,” said a fine handsome young man who stood at the sovereign’s elbow, “and as your Majesty would probably like to give him a sur-name, I would venture to suggest that of King—Hamilton King,” and a knowing look at one of the attendants plainly manifested the intended joke of the speaker.

“ Good—good !—very good !” said the easily pleased monarch, “ let it be King,—Hamilton King ;—I can make it so, I suppose ? Yes, yes, yes, it shall be King,—quick wit of George’s, Charlotte, very quick.”

“ But what sal your Majesty propose to be done mid ’em ?” inquired the queen, in an undertone ; “ we cannot afford de moosh expence ; had it not been the best ting to send ’em to de workhouse.”

“ Fie, fie, Charlotte !” returned the king in the same low voice, and laying his hand gently on her arm ; “ What, what,—what would my people say ?—No no, Charlotte, they are a sort of God-send — mustn’t, — no no, mustn’t let them go to the workhouse.” He then added in a whisper, “ Can do it cheap, Charlotte,—can do it cheap,—public institutions,—capital schools ;” then raising his voice, “ Yes yes, must take care of them—poor things !”

His royal consort seemed more appeased by this explanation, and in a few minutes after-

wards the children were removed and placed under the superintendence of a female whose husband, a sergeant in the regulars, was at that period abroad with his regiment on foreign service. The circumstance of their being protégées of the king and queen, induced great numbers of the nobility and others to visit them. The person they were with finding it extremely profitable to show them off to the best advantage, certainly did her duty and was kind and motherly ; she had only one child of her own, a boy about the age of Ellen, and the constant contact with persons of education and rank had a very powerful influence on the manners and conduct of the youngsters. Mrs. Jones took a neat little residence about a mile from the town ; it was a pleasant five minutes' carriage jaunt, and during the season she found by her exchequer that the speculation told well.

The healthiness of the situation, combined with the sea air, rendered the children hardy, and his Majesty, whilst on the coast, took fre-

quent opportunities of stealing away from the courtiers to pass a pleasant hour of retirement within the humble residence of the serjeant's wife. Nor was Mrs. Jones a little proud of the honour. She was a buxom, fresh-coloured woman, tall and stout, and her behaviour was just of that cast of character that was respectful without being obsequious: she was neither over-intrusive, nor under-diffident, and the king found himself perfectly at ease in a quiet sort of home, in which it was a positive stipulation that he should only be known as "the gentleman."

Twelve months rolled away; the children grew in strength, and did ample credit to the care and attention of their foster parent, who became much attached to her young charge. The royal family again visited Weymouth, and his Majesty expressed himself greatly pleased at their healthy appearance. Once more Mrs. Jones profited by the attendance of the rich and powerful (for all courtiers must smile on those



whom monarchs deign to favour;) but somehow or other the queen rather discountenanced the thing, and whispers, nods, and shrugs (oh! how many characters have been assassinated by a nod, a shrug, or a wink of the eye,) hinted that the royal lady was jealous of the buxom Mrs. Jones, whilst insinuations equally groundless were thrown out that his Majesty gave his consort cause for the torturing feeling. Thus far went scandal; but the fact was the queen never in her life cherished so detestable a guest as jealousy; her's was not the nature for so strong a passion, and the only reason for her disapproval arose from fear of expense, although Mrs. Jones had received but little from royal bounty, (except occasionally a present privately from the king,) the nobility who frequently honoured her residence with their presence, generally leaving ample donations for the pretty children and their bonny nurse. As for the sovereign himself, his fidelity to his royal spouse is too well known to call for any refutation of

the reports that were in circulation relative to his intimacy with the serjeant's wife.

Autumn came in due season, and, towards its exit the royal family returned to Richmond. At the close of one of those lovely afternoons that are peculiar to this time of year, the children, accompanied by Ned Jones and a girl who attended them, had strolled to the beach, and, in happy forgetfulness, whilst racing with the mimic waves, the evening spread her darkening shadows upon the face of the waters; but everything looked so beautiful and serene, tinged with the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, that danger was unthought of. There was a light breeze from the south-east; the vessels in the offing were gliding smoothly along, their white sails scarcely slumbering in repose, whilst the rattling of windlass pawls, and the "heave-oich-yo" of the seamen gave indications that such as were lying at anchor were heaving in their cables to get under way.

At this time an approaching boat attracted

the attention of the juvenile party on the beach ; it was propelled by four stout men, whilst a fifth, who seemed rather superior to the others, steered ; in a few minutes its nose was on the shore, the men jumped out, and hauled her up higher from the water. They were a reckless-looking set, dressed in thick flushing jackets, much longer than those usually worn by seamen, with trowsers of the same material.

“ Are you correct as to the place ? ” inquired the man who appeared to be the superior.

“ Is it meself as ’ud be desaved, then ? ” responded one of the crew in strong Irish accentuation. “ Fait, and it’s the raal place, anyhow, be token as I know every inch o’ the ground ! ”

“ Whereabouts is the house we are to go to ? ” asked the first ; “ this, I think, will be a very good time to effect our purpose.”

“ Divel the better ! ” assented the other. “ As for the house, it’s no great way off, barring the distance. D’yer see yon glim there, right away among the green trees.”

“ I do,” returned the first, looking in the direction which the other pointed out with his extended hand.

“ You do ; very good ! but dat’s not it,” uttered the Hibernian, with perfect self-command.

“ D—n ! do you mean to trifle with me, fellow !” exclaimed the superior with impatient warmth.

“ Thrifle, eh ? is it thrifling you mane ?” returned the second ; “ small call there is for thrifling, anyhow !” He caught sight of the children as Ellen turned away with the servant, and, grasping the arm of the steersman, he added in a low voice, “ The divel’s offspring has the divel’s luck ! that’s them, and not a living sowl within hail.”

“ Come, Hammy,” said Ellen as she walked on, “ let us go home ; it’s getting dark. Come, Ned ! Oh, Fanny, I do not like those men. I am afraid,” and she ran forward away from her companions.

“ After the young ’un in chase, Teddy !” ex-

claimed the superior as he seized both boys, and the person addressed immediately pursued the child, who, with the servant was loudly shrieking for help, and making off as fast as possible. Figures were seen moving in the distance, and Teddy, fearful of being taken, put about, and returned with all speed to the boat, to which the two boys had already been conveyed, and in an instant she was launched afloat, and dancing upon the waters.

“Out oars, and give way, my lads!” commanded the steersman, who resumed the tiller. “Stretch out with a strong and steady stroke; we shall soon be beyond their sight, and may defy them. But, how came you to lose the girl, Teddy?”

“Bekase I was afraid o’ losing meself,” replied Teddy; “but, what’s the odds? you’ve got a pair of ’em; and two childer’s two childer all the world over.”

“But these are two boys, and I wanted the boy and girl,” uttered the other; “nor do



I know which of the two is the one most wanted."

"Are you clane sure they're both boys?" inquired Teddy; "I must have sthronger evidence than mere matther of fact for the thruth on it."

"They are indeed both boys, Teddy," asserted the steersman; "You may take my word for it. However there is no help for it now: we must be content with the young cocks, and make out the best tale we can for the hen."

"Och, can't yer jeest say there *is* a boy and a girl?" argued Teddy persuasively.

"But that would very soon be detected," said the steersman; "our employer knows a boy from a girl, I should think!"

"Dethected is it? and what of that?" reasoned the other; "you take him a boy and a girl; he finds out that the girl's a boy; but, that's his business, and not your's, for, how can you help the girl being a boy, seeing as it's none o' your consarn anyhow."

“No—no ; we must relate every particular, Teddy,” said the steersman, “and leave others to decide upon the course they will pursue. These fellows, I suppose, don’t understand what we’re saying.”

“Divel a ha’porth !” returned Teddy ; “there’s not a sowl among ’em that ever harde more than their mother tongue in their lives, barring a bit of a do at a pathern or a wayke.”

The children in the boat had at first whimpered and cried ; but, being assured they were only going a little way for a ride, and would very soon be landed again, they became pacified, and enjoyed what was to them a pleasant treat. The men bent sturdily to their oars ; the buoyant boat flew through the clear, smooth element, tracking her way with brilliancy, that showed itself more and more bright as the sombre shades continued to fall with increasing darkness.

“There’s the signal, Teddy,” said the steersman, as he slightly altered his course ; “two

lights at equal heights; they're gone again, but I can see the vessel. Tell the men to pull."

In an uncouth dialect the Hibernian addressed his comrades, who replied in a language equally barbarous, and renewed their exertions, so as in the course of a few minutes to get near enough to a beautiful cutter to answer the hail. They then swept up alongside, and found her lying with the tack of her mainsail triced up, her gaff-topsail lowered, and her fore-sheet to windward, but still not lying dead-to, as steerage-way was kept upon her.

"Well, Peterson, have you succeeded?" inquired a voice from the gangway. "You have not been gone two hours, and I fear by the dispatch you have made, your scheme has failed." One of the children spoke. "Ha, ha! all's right, is it? I hear the prattlers; bring them carefully on deck. Faith, Teddy, but you're the very broth of a boy!"

"An' that's what meself thinks, barring mistakes," replied the other as he gently raised

young Hamilton in his arms, and lifted him up the cutter's side, the person who had steered the boat performing the same office for Ned Jones. The boys were taken down into the cabin ; every occurrence narrated ; sweetmeats were produced ; fatigue and sea-air soon operated on their senses, and in a short time they were both sound asleep in a snug little bed-place in the captain's state-room. In the interval sail was made upon the cutter ; the breeze freshened, and the lively craft, yielding to its power, dashed along through ripple and spray at the rate of eight knots an hour.

## CHAPTER II.

“ Then from beneath those gem-like springs,  
With music, whose magic utterings  
May ne’er by mortal lips be told,  
Leapt water-sylphids, to unfold  
Their glittering gossamer wings.”

WHEN Ellen reached the habitation of Mrs. Jones, she was too hurried and exhausted to speak ; nor was Fanny, the servant, much better, so that all that could be made out from their incoherent expressions was, that a man had run after them.

“ Is that all ?” said the serjeant’s wife ; “ a pretty thing to make so much fuss about ; pray where is Ned and Hammy ?”

“ We left them on the beach, ma’am,” said Fanny ; “ we left them both together.”

“ And is that the care you take of children ?”



exclaimed Mrs. Jones; "you abominable hussey, to run away and leave two helpless innocents alone upon the beach."

"They were at the boat, ma'am," uttered the servant, crying. "Miss Ellen screamed and ran away, and the man ran after her, and—"

"You ran too, I suppose," chimed in Mrs. Jones; "but come, away with you, and look for the children—away, I say," and she drove the girl out.

Some time elapsed, and they did not return; Mrs. Jones, therefore, equipped herself and sallied forth; but she knew not what direction to take. An hour passed, and neither the servant nor the boys making their appearance, the agony of the poor woman became extreme. She summoned some of the nearest neighbours, and, with Ellen as a guide, they set out for the place where she had left her brother and Ned; but nothing was to be seen but the ocean fading from sight in the distant haze, and nothing heard but the wash of the waters upon the shingly shore. Then

did all the mother burst forth from the heart of the serjeant's wife, for she felt bereaved of her child—her only child, and loud and bitter wailings were borne upon the breeze. She was conveyed home in a state bordering on madness, to find that no tidings had been heard of the lost ones.

All night did the search continue ; but, as the reader must be aware, it was unavailing, and a general opinion prevailed that the little fellows were drowned, for none supposed that a few seamen in a boat would have carried such infants away ; indeed, such a notion was considered too preposterous to be entertained, and anxious looks, as well as anxious enquiries, were daily made, under the expectation that their little bodies would be washed up upon the beach.

Months rolled away, and still there were no tidings. Communications had been forwarded to his Majesty, and orders were promptly issued to investigate the business. Large rewards were offered for information, but no light whatever was thrown upon the subject, and the wretched

mother was brought to the very brink of the grave, whilst poor Ellen pined for her brother and playmate till she shrunk away almost to a skeleton.

Such was the posture of affairs at the return of summer; but the monarch did not this year come upon the coast, and though many of the nobility made short visits, yet few entered the abode of the disconsolate Mrs. Jones. Amongst those few, however, was Lady Alicia Gordon, a widow in the prime of life, who had lived in comparative seclusion since the demise of her husband some ten years previously, that she might devote the whole of her attention to an only daughter, who promised fair to be the ornament and delight of her declining years.

Suitors Lady Alicia had had many, for she was still handsome, and her manners were well known to be peculiarly affectionate and engaging. Dazzling offers were made, but maternal solicitude prevailed over all, and her days were given to her child. The family mansion was a noble

one, in the most delightful part of the county of Kent ; and though she never closed her doors to visitors, yet no inducement could urge her to join in the busy doings of the gay world. Splendour and magnificence were not encouraged as essentials to her title and wealth ; but hospitality was exercised as an indispensable requisite to an old English baronial hall.

Lady Alicia was a native of Ireland, full of warm feelings and benevolence, alive to suffering in others, for she had keenly experienced it herself, and at all times ready to pour the balm of consolation on the wounded mind, or to bind up the broken spirit that shrunk from contact with society. During the life-time of her husband she had experienced but a small share of happiness ; for, though he was a man of splendid attainments, yet early habits and early associates had taken too deep root in his heart to be eradicated. It is true that, when first married, his propensities slumbered in the tranquil composure of new and innocent enjoyments ; but they awoke

with fresh vigour, and were renewed with more ardour as the novelty of wedded life wore off.

And yet in early youth Lady Alicia had not only tasted, but had absolutely banqueted on innocent pleasures. She was the tenderly and ardently beloved of an anxious and affectionate mother; the idolized of a fond father; every rational wish of her heart was gratified almost as soon as it had birth, and she was surrounded by those who made it their own happiness to render it to her.

Sir Phelim O'Toole was a rough but frank-hearted baronet of the old Irish school, priding himself upon his descent from the ancient kings of Ireland, and keeping up a sort of feudal state amongst his tenants and dependants, and the numerous class of self-attached retainers who stuck to their master with all the tenacity of a burr to a Scotchman's plaid. His estate was large, his tenantry numerous—but his returns were very trifling; for, somehow or other, the pleasant notion had been established of a sort of



community of property, and that, too, in a manner the most characteristic of the general practices of the country, *viz.* that the tenants and hangers-on should contribute nothing—their landlord every thing; and this, in many instances, was acted upon to the very letter.

Surrounded by whole troops of domestics, who seemed to have no other earthly occupation than that of attending on “the young mistress,” Alicia might have become a wild girl of the mountains, in the neighbourhood in which she lived, had not her mother been a woman of education, whose understanding was cultivated and fertile, and whose judgment was regulated by prudence and taste. She beheld with a parent’s delight the unfolding loveliness of her daughter; and whilst she encouraged those hardy exercises which gave health and strength to the body, she also imparted suitable instruction to afford right principles and firmness to the mind. Nor was she deficient in those accomplishments which, though only of an

ornamental nature, add grace and beauty to the possessor.

Sir Phelim was ardently attached to the pleasures of the chase. He was a bold and fearless rider, was never found at the tail of a hunt, nor known to shrink from his bottle in the after-dinner indulgences of the table. Political squabbles were his aversion, and he looked upon the profession, as well the professors, of the law as necessary evils, to be endured rather than tolerated. The sight of a lawyer operated upon his mind in much the same way as the sight of a shark stirs up the abhorrence of the seaman; he longed to hook him, and cut off his tail. Still he was not—he could not be insensible to the agitations and tumults which distracted the country of his birth; and whilst he deeply regretted the outrages and excesses into which his countrymen plunged, he found it impossible to exclude the conviction that they had been goaded into acts of desperation by

oppression or wanton cruelty. He saw men appointed to govern and command, who neither knew nor cared to gain a knowledge of the general disposition and temper of Irishmen; and even the hand of conciliation held a whip or a sword by way of intimidation.

These things were not concealed from Lady O'Toole or her daughter. Practical proofs were almost daily presented either to their sight or to their hearing; and in several instances, where ruin had threatened to overwhelm some unfortunate family, the head of which had been denounced as a suspicious character, inimical to the government, the ladies interceded with Sir Phelim—not to protect, for that was impossible to the extent of open protection—but to conceal them from the parties who were sent to apprehend them. This, together with their constant kindness in the hour of adversity or peril, as well as a readiness to promote all the national pastimes, rendered “the lady and the young mistress”

objects of worship to the fishermen and peasantry, and praises and blessings were showered upon their heads wherever they appeared.

Castle Toole was situated near a wild part of the coast, at no great distance from Bantry Bay, in the county of Cork. The inhabitants of the district were, generally speaking, of the lower orders, amongst whom great wretchedness at times prevailed ; and they were not unfrequently driven by famine to a state of destitution and misery of which no adequate description can be given, nor can the heart that never witnessed such a spectacle possibly conceive the extreme of suffering to which their fellow-creatures are often reduced.

It has been said that much of this may be attributed to the utter dislike which the Irish cherish for any kind of compulsory labour ; for, though they will voluntarily undergo almost any fatigue if it suits with their humour or purpose, yet they hold in abhorrence every thing like work which their own immediate wants or abso-

lute necessity would force upon them. Now, although there may be, and no doubt is, a great deal of truth in this view of the subject, yet it must be admitted that there are many, very many exceptions ; and persons who have never visited Ireland may form some estimate of the value of the argument from having witnessed the conduct of the Irish reapers who visit England during harvest-time. The patience and industry with which they toil, the little food they require (and that, too, of the humblest description), and their indifference as to lodgings, have always been a source of surprise, not unfrequently of commiseration, and sometimes of abuse and contumely, amongst English labourers ; and if further evidence was wanting of their not shrinking from excessive toil, it may be obtained on inspecting the most heavy and laborious occupations in which strength and perseverance are required ; for there will Irishmen be found. The paviour, the bricklayer's labourer, the stonemason, and many other callings which

need great muscular power, belong almost exclusively to the Irish.

Still it must be confessed that Pat does not love work for its own sake ; and really there are very few of the descendants of Adam, whether white, black, brown, or copper-colour, that do. However, those in the neighbourhood of Castle Toole thoroughly hated it ; and Sir Phelim having a handsome fortune, independent of his land, they seemed to think themselves privileged to enjoy all they could get ; nor would the baronet allow of any such thing as racking or driving of tenants if of tolerably good character, though the rent remained in long arrears, and the lettings were capable of considerable improvement. It is true his cattle and sheep were in constant security, except now and then a stray lamb disappeared by accident, without any clue to the course of its wandering ; and his game was well preserved, though the wild residents of the mountains had their huts plentifully supplied with fat hares and plump partridges.



And who were the residents of the mountains?—a race of hardy desperadoes, suspended between heaven and earth, as a type of what they might expect if caught in the clutches of those who were designated the instruments of the law, but were too often principals in long-meditated vengeance. The mountaineers were the half-men, half-demons, who carried on that bane and curse to Ireland's prosperity—the illicit distilleries. They were the manufacturers of what the Indians have very aptly styled by the name of "fire-water"—the makers of ardent spirits that never wetted the guager's stick.

At a few miles distant from Castle Toole stood a fine old venerable building, sacred to antiquity and the family of the O'Connors, who had made it their home, generation after generation, till it descended to Mr. Terence O'Connor—a young man about one-and-twenty years of age, of handsome person and pleasing address. He, too, was fond of the chase, and a frequent

guest at Castle Toole ; but, unlike Sir Phelim, he was a rigid master, a stern exactor of every due ; and though no acts of unlawful oppression could be laid to his charge, yet his adherence to legalized claims encouraged a whole host of harpies, who not only increased the distresses of the tenants, but also preyed upon the landlord. He was a sworn enemy to “potheen,” and readily assisted the soldiery in hunting out the mountain stills. To factions and combinations he was equally hostile ; and the opposer of unjust extortion, as well as the resister to the demands of the law, were ranked as rebels, and treated accordingly. Yet, notwithstanding all these characteristics, which rendered him unpopular amongst the lower orders, there was a noble-minded and fearless generosity about him that excited universal admiration.

Alicia was in her fifteenth year when O'Connor, struck by her beauty, and fascinated by her manners, made a proposal to Sir Phelim for the hand of his daughter. He pointed out in forcible

ble and expressive language the advantages of the match, as uniting the two estates. He spoke energetically of the power and influence to be attained by a junction between the O'Connors and the O'Tooles ; in short, he introduced every topic but one, and that one happened to be the nearest and dearest to Sir Phelim's heart — the happiness of his child.

But the baronet, distressed at the idea of giving pain by a direct refusal of the suit, listened with patience to all the young man had to urge, and then, without raising or depressing his expectations, he merely replied that such an affair required deliberation. He would consult with his lady, and send early information of the result. With this O'Connor was satisfied, and shortly after left the castle, indulging a conviction that Alicia would become his wife, for “who could resist so admirable a proposal as he had made.”

A short time, however, served to convince O'Connor that he had calculated in error ; a

communication was forwarded, acknowledging the advantages of such an alliance, but pleading the extreme youth of Miss Alicia as being incompatible with the performance of those onerous duties which a change of life would necessarily impose upon her. Sir Phelim, in the kindness of his nature, had worded his letter so as not to wound the young man's self-love, but, nevertheless, O'Connor considered the rejection an insult, for which, though he could not openly demand satisfaction, he yet determined to resent, and therefore he discontinued his visits to the castle, and became more rigorous in what he conceived to be his duties.

Some few months afterwards Terence O'Connor was united to a young and beautiful girl of the plebeian order, possessed of no accomplishments but those which Nature had lavishly bestowed, but blessed with a tender and affectionate heart, that amply compensated for want of polished education ; in fact, she was almost a perfect contrast to her husband, for, whilst he

was proud, imperious, and ungovernable in his rage, she was humility, gentleness, and a personification of meekness itself. O'Connor persisted in his rigorous severity to his tenants and domestics, whilst the lawyers were constantly complaining that his lady defeated all their purposes, and prevented them from carrying forward process to execution. O'Connor would frown, and sometimes storm: but he passionately loved his wife, and her sweet smile very soon made him forget the sour aspects of the legal gentlemen. Her "O'Connor, dear! and sure you're not angry with your Kathleen?" drove from his mind the harsh croakings of the lawyers.

And a fortunate circumstance for the O'Connor was it that he yielded more to his ardent attachment for his wife than to the pleadings and remonstrances of legal cormorants. Rebellion had grown strong in Ireland, and, though not so openly avowed in the district of O'Connor Hall as it was in other parts of the island, yet

the Levellers were so rapid in their movements when revenge was their object, that they traversed the kingdom with incredible speed, and blazing piles and devastated homes marked their infuriated presence before a suspicion was excited that they were near at hand. O'Connor had been singled out as a victim, but the fact came to the knowledge of his wife, and at much risk she prevailed upon the leaders to exercise forbearance.

It was a trying period. An expedition was already prepared in France for the invasion of Ireland, and the dreaded Thurot, with his cruisers, had made his appearance on the coast. The lower orders, suspecting that the English government was about to pass an act of Union, and deprive them of their parliament, were ripe for revolt. The Catholic priests, jealous at the increasing influence and power of the Protestant clergy, stirred up the angry feelings of their flocks, and prompted them to resistance. O'Connor had been denounced as an enemy to his



country, and the denunciation was the prelude to a speedy act of aggression. Mrs. O'Connor was sitting nursing her boy—her first-born—at the same time bidding fair shortly to become a second time a mother, and, crouched on the hearth before her, was the nurse who had tended her in her infancy, and was now performing the same office for her child.

“What ails you, Biddy; and you always cheerful, now to be croaking, and groaning, and swaying about like the branch of an old tree in a storm,” said the lady.

“And small ’ud be the gale to rend away the branch,” uttered the woman, mournfully “but, oh, ma vourneen! the storm may be a-brewing over the ould roof-tree; and the beautiful flowers, and the young leaves may perish with the aged bough!”

Mrs. O'Connor was too well acquainted with the nature and disposition of her countrywoman not to know that there was a meaning in the language of her nurse far beyond what the mere words conveyed; nor was she ignorant that per-

sons in her condition were bound by terrible oaths not to reveal what might casually come to their knowledge, which even the affection which Biddy had for the young mistress could not overcome, though the lady did not doubt but by a little management to ascertain wherein the danger existed. "And where would be the storm, Biddy," said she, "on such a heavenly shining day as this, with the boy crowing and laughing with delight?" and she held up her infant to the nurse's view.

"An' what is the day, ma cushla? and what is the shining sun?" uttered the woman mournfully, but energetically. "The brightest day may have the blackest night; the gowlden sun of noon may set as red as blood! och hone! och hone!"

"There is danger at hand, Biddy, and I know it," said Mrs. O'Connor, firmly. "You may tell me, or not, woman, if 'tis your pleasure. You may see the rapparees burning and plundthering, ay, murthering, and be silent, if

its a vow. But, what can wash away the guilt of concealing all this beforehand, and—”

“Them as sees danger will thry to keep out of harem’s way !” exclaimed the nurse. “Didn’t these ould hands carry yer when your limbs had no help of their own? Didn’t I sprinkle you daily with the wather of the blessed well? Oh, it’s there I’d wish you to be this very night of all others, and maybe its cooling dthrops can quench fire.”

“I will go, Biddy; I will do your bidding,” uttered Mrs. O’Connor, vaguely, but not inaptly, catching up her meaning. “But, dare I to be there alone?”

“And where would I be but with my child?” said the woman, more pacified. “May the blessed saints defend ma Kathleen deelish, for it’s herself will need it afore the morn.”

Thus apprised, and only thus apprised, Mrs. O’Connor hastened to Castle Toole, where she made known her errand, and, in sympathy for her distress, as well as trusting to the known

gallantry of the Irish character, Lady O'Toole determined upon accompanying Kathleen to the holy well; Sir Phelim, however, promising to be in the neighbourhood that he might afford assistance, if it was required. What the danger was that threatened remained a mystery, for Bridget kept a sullen silence on the subject, nor could any inducement, persuasion, or threat, get her to be more communicative.

Mr. O'Connor was absent from the hall on magisterial duty, and suspicions were excited that he had been enticed away for some sinister purpose; still everything was so tranquil in the neighbourhood, and so little had the spirit of disaffection been observed in the district, that but for the undoubted intelligence of the person from whom the warning had been received, the whole might have been deemed the visionary wandering of a disordered mind, or the work of some designing speculator in human misery.

Evening began to throw its long dusky shadows over the face of nature when the ladies

arrived at the entrance of the small cavern, whose rocky roof was arched over the holy well. It was a wild romantic spot, surrounded with masses of rock, between the interstices of which a shrubbery of firs and larch had arisen, and their dark forms appeared in the twilight gloom like mourners of another day amidst grave-stones of former ages. All was as silent as the tomb, and a deep tinge of superstition coloured the thoughts and feelings of the females. They turned to look for Bridget but she was gone, and an idea of treachery crossed their minds; her absence, however, did not continue long, and though she declined satisfying inquiries as to the cause, the ladies were relieved from the pain of supposing her inimical to their welfare. "Come in here," said she, leading the way into the cavern, "and may the blessed speerit that hovers over the wathers put the cross betwixt you and harem," and stooping down she wetted the tips of her fingers and sprinkled it on her companions.

“Where all this is to terminate,” said Lady O’Toole, “I really do not know, nor can I even conjecture. Are our foes to be spiritual or temporal, Bridget?”

“An your ladyship ’ll find that out,” returned the nurse somewhat piqued at the question. “Sure this is no place to make a mockery in, and the wathers thrubbled by them as no eyes can see.”

The ladies looked upon the clear cold element and beheld a sudden commotion on its surface, something resembling that which would have been caused by the rapid turning of a large fish, but it soon swelled away and became perfectly calm again. Still the hour, the gloom, the occasion, united with certain predelictions in favour of superstition, with which human nature is more or less allied, operated powerfully upon the females, especially Kathleen, who had been brought up in the very heart of local prejudices and ancient legends.

The cavern they were in was about ten or



twelve feet square,—the well, (which was a sort of natural basin, somewhat resembling a bath and often used for that purpose,) occupied the middle ; it was in the form of a right-angled parallelogram, and there were steps to descend into it, down which when the water was tranquil a visitor would not hesitate to go, for so extremely clear was the pure element that it could not be seen till the foot or some other cause disturbed it. At the far extremity of the cavern was a rustic altar with benches on each side, cut from the solid rock, and upon this altar those who used the waters were accustomed to leave their offerings. A low door-way in the near corner to the left led into a small apartment where the priest at his visitation (for this was a station,) retired to robe himself and shrive the penitents. Moss and lichen grew in rich profusion on the rugged walls, and when the wind as high a hollow moaning sound was heard, like the low wailings of melancholy and despair. Of course the peasantry ascribed it to super-

natural causes, and few could be found hardy enough to shelter here during a storm. A ring of iron fixed firmly on the wall over one of the benches was a peculiar object of attention and devotion, and at the visitation was polished bright and decorated with flowers.

“And what is there in particular about this place, Bridget?” inquired Lady O’Toole, affecting a composure she certainly did not enjoy. “Have we been brought here to meet fays and banshees?—Is it the resort of good folk, or of some peculiar spirit that presides over the hallowed spring?”

“An its throe for you, my lady,” replied Bridget with solemnity, “in regard o’ that same, though its not good to talk of the speerit an it forenent you, ounly not to be seen by morthal sight! Oh mavourneen,” added she, addressing Mrs. O’Connor and rocking herself to and fro, “and may be it’s your friend she’ll be and sthop the ’ruction— Och, hone, what have I said now, and in the prisence too?”

“ It is the spirit of a female then,” said Lady O’Toole, smiling. “ My dear Mrs. O’Connor, though I do not give much credence to such supernatural visitations to this troubled earth, yet I respect the opinions and even weaknesses of others too much to turn them into ridicule, especially as I think they may have a beneficial influence to restrain the mind from planning and executing evil, particularly amongst the uninformed of our poorer neighbours. But the idea of a beatified spirit quitting the mansions of blessedness to hover over this chilling fluid is absurd, even supposing permission could be obtained for such a purpose.”

“ Oh, my lady, you must not doubt,—indeed you must not,” returned the beautiful being by her side, somewhat horrified at the bold language she had heard in such a sacred place. “ Was there not the pool of Bethesda, and don’t the virtues of this well hale the sick,—even the priests’ vestments are not more holy.”

“ That the icy frigidness of the waters are

excellent in some diseases I will admit," said Lady O'Toole; "but that is a mere common occurrence of nature, and requires no spiritual auxiliary beyond the blessing of Providence."

"And will you deny the existence of invisible friends?" eagerly inquired Kathleen; "they are always surrounding us, the very air we breathe is peopled with spirits."

"And that I suppose accounts for the frequent inebriation of our countrymen," responded Lady O'Toole, laughing at her own conceit; "they are drawn in with the breath, and muddle the poor fellows' heads."

"You may say your say, my lady," uttered Bridget with stern emphasis; "but there's small wit and less judgment in offending them whose help you may nade this very night,—it's little one gets by turning friends into foes."

"I should deeply regret if any thoughtlessness of mine should have such an effect, Bridget;" returned Lady O'Toole in a conciliatory tone; "but come nurse, cannot you tell us some-

thing of the legend of this holy well and its patron saint? How long we shall have to remain here I do not know, but as you are probably acquainted with the whole of the story it would serve to while away the time."

"It's not long your ladyship will have to wait," replied the woman, as she extended her arm and pointed towards the entrance of the cave; "the shine of the red hand is now in the heavens,—why?"

"It is only the gorgeous gleams of the setting sun," said Lady O'Toole, as she gazed on the flush of crimson on the western horizon.

"An it has set on them who'll never see its rising," groaned the nurse; "they're lighting their brands, and roofs will blaze, and walls be laid waste, and the blood of those who made the fire on the hearth-stone will quench the embers of their desolated home."

The redness grew more fierce, and the ladies became aware that it could only proceed from the reflection of an extensive conflagration.

“ It *is* a fire !” said Lady O’Toole ; “ how Bridget, are the marauders abroad and we away from our families ? Mrs. O’Connor, dear, let us return.”

She essayed to quit the cavern, but the tall gaunt figure of the nurse blocked up the narrow passage between the rocky wall and the water. “ You pass not this way, my lady !—An what have *you* to fear ?—Sure the O’Tooles are well knownst to them all,—Sir Phelim a born gentleman as discourages the *rookawn* they’ve brought upon the counthry by their false commother. What sthranger ever stood upon the castle bridge and was sent away with ounly the wather of the ditch for his draught ? What victim ever entered the castle walls and was sent to the donjon-keep with the could stone floor for his bed, and bread and tears for his mate and dthrink ? Hundred mille-fas has been the word at Castle Toole,—why ? There’s no *darshurkers* of the law to prey upon the *pin-keens* of poor sowls whom Heaven save from



harem ; the bite and the sup, and that too of the best, was never refused by yer, and you a born lady of the Milesian breed, what have you to fear ?”

“ But there is fire somewhere, Bridget,” exclaimed Lady O’Toole, still striving to pass her ; “ and under such circumstances our post is at our own threshold.”

“ And lave my darlin’ o’ the world to face them as she will not care to meet,” murmured Bridget, resisting the attempts of her ladyship to escape. “ It’s here, my lady, that you and yourn are safest : no one will injure the hair o an O’Toole’s head—why ? It’s them as has the love and dacent respect of the people.”

Mrs. O’Connor, placing implicit reliance on the guidance and directions of her nurse, remained a passive spectator, though the words of Bridget, “ face them as she will not care to meet,” sent an unusual thrill through her heart, and flushed her cheeks with crimson. That something extraordinary was about to take place

she was now fully sensible ; and a vague suspicion of the real truth crossed her mind. A deep sigh escaped her, which was either echoed in the cavern, or responded to by some one near at hand. All three heard it, but as there was nothing to be seen, Bridget attributed it to the sympathy of the patroness of the well, and augured favourably to her darling's cause.

“ The sound came from yon recess,” said her ladyship, as she again placed herself by the side of Mrs. O'Connor.

“ It was no mortal tongue that uttered it then,” said Bridget. “ The blessed lady sees our strait, and it's herself as 'ull show us pity.”

“ But what is it that we have to dread, Bridget ?” again inquired Lady O'Toole. “ If it is mere personal security that is sought to be obtained, I trust Mrs. O'Connor is superior to apprehensions of harm to herself whilst those whom she loves are in danger.”

A sigh deeper than the former was heard, evidently issuing from some one in the inner

apartment, whilst at the same moment there came upon the breeze the sound from the tread of heavy footsteps, and the rustling noise of many persons moving in one mass.

“’Tis a warning she’s giving us,” uttered Bridget in a whisper; “whether for weal or woe myself doesn’t know. But they are coming—they are coming; and now, my darlin’, the blessed saints be between you and harem.”

There was still a glimmering of dubious light in the cavern, whilst outside every object was perceptible, though dimly seen. In a few minutes a body of armed men, their faces blackened, and their cottamores bound round them, filled up the space at the entrance to the holy well, but none ventured to advance beneath the roof. The white dresses of the ladies seemed to startle them, and not a few fell upon their knees in terror. Lady O’Toole wished to take advantage of this by presenting herself to their notice; but the giant strength of the nurse prevented her design, by holding her ladyship in a

grip that was irresistible. The men had the appearance of a wild, lawless set ; some were armed with muskets, others with pistols or old swords, whilst the larger portion carried bludgeons, pitchforks, and one or two with scythe-blades. Foremost amongst them was a tall athletic, herculean figure, who seemed to hold the rest in something like control.

“An’ what is it you’d be afther doing, then, Mike Hagan?” uttered Bridget in a deep sepulchral voice, as she addressed the leader. “What is it makes you here with them bloody hands, and that divel’s face? Where’s the father that begot you, and the mother who suffered the labour-pains when you was born?—Will not the iern frame on the gibbet, or the cowl’d sods of the aarth warn you to forbear?”

“No, niver !” replied the man with stern determination, as he stamped his foot proudly and heavily on the ground. “An’ what should I take warning for, you limmer—why? It’s vengeance what I sake, and it’s vengeance that

I'll have;—and what for not? Who was it hung the owld man's body in the iern frame you spake of?—Who was it sint the mother to her cowl'd grave? Answer me that! It's meself as 'ud swape 'em from the face of the yarth as did it;" and he swung his heavy cutlass around him in corresponding action; "it's meself as 'ud never lave a beam of their homes till they were in black ashes, and scattered by the wild winds;—it's meself as 'ud sodden the turf with the blood of their childther, and sow salt upon the land where there should be green corn."

"Thru for you, Mike Hagan," uttered Bridget, with a groan that seemed to burst from her very heart. "You have had the blast upon yer, and revenge is swate to the oppressed. But would you, Mike—would you smite the unoffending with your enemy?—would you destroy the smiling babe in its innocence, or ould age in its dotage—Why?"

"An' who thought of Mike and them as owned him when the bloody hand was stretched

out agin his kith and kin?" exclaimed the man in a tone of reckless bitterness. "But, musha, it's bad luck there is in talking to women. Come, lads, let's on," and he prepared to depart.

"Your mother was a woman, Mike Hagan," quickly responded Bridget, who evidently wished to detain him for some time; "and a purty woman too, when Larry first led her afore the praste."

"An' what was she when the iern coulther was undher her bare feet, and it white with fierce heat, to make her tell where her husband was concealed? And what was she when they put the torture upon her to force out a confession of crimes he had never committed?"

"A woman, Mike—a true woman sthilla!" answered Bridget, in a tone and manner that was calculated to win upon his rugged nature. "Yes, Mike, a lanna, she was sthilla a woman; for she suffered all they could put upon her afore she would bethray the man who owned her."



“Arrah, let it alone, you limmer!” said the man, in a voice where present gratification struggled with lacerated remembrance of the past. “It’s coaxing us you’d be, you desaver. Come, lads, come along, let’s purshue our way; he’s not here we’re saking for.”

“And where is it you’d be going to, Mike Hagan?” uttered the nurse; “and what is it you would sake in this lone place? Sure it won’t be the blessing of our lady ye’d be axing for; an’ it isn’t for the good o’ pace you’d purshue your way.” The men appeared impatient, and Hagan beckoned them on. “Sthop, lads, sthop. Is it O’Connor Hall you’d be firing on this holy night? — is it the darlin’ of your hearts, young Kathleen deelish, as you want under your tiger claws, and he not to the fore. Mike Hagan, forbear, I say. You know what a fierce woman will do for her child, and do not let me curse you. Sthop, men!” for they continued moving on; “sthop, I command—I entthreat—” she wrung her hands in agony. “Oh!

sainted speerit of this holy place, stay their murtherous hands !”

The prayer had scarcely been uttered, the van of the party had disappeared, and the rear was just lingering on the space in front, when a young man of slight make, and habited in respectable attire, presented himself in the door-way of the cavern, and in a loud voice shouted, “Halt !” Whether he had sprung from the small apartment, or had suddenly placed himself there from without, was problematical to the ladies ; but there he was, and the command he had issued was instantly obeyed.

## CHAPTER III.

“ You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,  
If danger demanded, were wholly your own.  
You know me unaltered by years or by distance,  
Devoted to love, and to friendship alone.

“ You knew—but away with the vain retrospection,  
The bond of affection no longer endures,  
Too late you may droop o’er the fond recollection,  
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.”

BYRON.

WHATEVER effect might, or might not be produced amongst the group in the cavern, certain it is that Bridget hailed the presence of the young man with irrepressible delight and gratitude. “ Our blessed lady be praised ! ” said she, devoutly crossing herself. “ An’ it’s his ownself too ! Oh, my darlin’ avourneen ! it’s safe you’ll be, and him to the fore ! Spake to him, a-cushla ! Smooth him down like a lamb, and do not rouse the lion of his natur.”

Mrs. O'Connor, thus directed, pressed forward, and stood with her arms crossed upon her beating bosom, and her head low drooping, as if she feared to raise her eyes, before the young man, who, from the prompt obedience to his commands, was evidently the leader of the outlaws.

“And what is it you would have with me, Katherine Macgennis?” said he with harshness, as he drew himself proudly erect.

“Dermot,” replied she, without looking up, and with faltering voice, “Dermot, your own heart told you what I want afore you asked the question.”

“And what if it did?” replied the other, still retaining his position and manner: “am I to become your suitor, and bend, and crouch before you like a lashed dog, that I may ascertain your wishes?”

“No, Dermot—no! I do not ask or require such a thing,” said the trembling lady imploringly. “But must you—will you bring down unutterable misery on the head of the

companion of your childhood? Can you make her home a desolation? herself a widow? her offspring fatherless? No, Dermot, it is not in your nature; you dare not do it."

Had Mrs. O'Connor omitted the closing part of her appeal, it might, in the earnest yet plaintive manner that it was uttered, have had some effect on the young man's mind. But the word "dare," to him whose career had latterly been lawless, seemed to imply a suspicion that he wanted courage to perform his wicked design. "Not dare!" said he in a tone of resolute defiance. "What is there that Dermot Delaney dare not do? and who are you that supplicate the man who 'dare' not execute his will?"

"Oh, Dermot, why will you mistake my meaning?" responded Mrs. O'Connor beseechingly; "sure I intended no reflection on your personal courage, or your extensive power. It's the remembrance of old times that I meant as would not let you do the evi deed."

"Old times is it you're speaking of?" res-

ponded Delaney in a tone of bitterness. "Now, by the vestments, if the very recollection of former days does not urge me on to more deadly hate ! The fever-blisthered wretch, expiring with burning heat, has his agonies increased by the remembrances of cool sthreams and shady bowers, especially when no dthrop of water will ever again moisthen his parched and withering tongue. The visions of past enjoyments do but heighten the madness of the wretch who will never taste them more ! Woman, you plead in vain !"

"An' what 'ud we be halting here for, captain ?" asked Mike Hagan, who had come into the rear to communicate with his chief ; but, seeing Mrs. O'Connor standing before him, he added, "Ah, bad luck to the petticoats ! it's meself thinks the divel wears them to kiver his crooked bastely shanks."

"Pace, ye scorne !" said Bridget, with peculiar emphasis ; "an' give place to your betthers. Dermot, you have been my pet, my darlin' ; these ould arms have held yer both, one on one



shouter, and the other on the other,—Kathleen and you! Ye smiled and prattled face to face in infancy; ye grew up hand in hand, the pride and beauty of the valley; ye lived —ye loved —together, in the blossoming of youth; ye—”

“D—n, woman!” shouted the man in a tone of voice almost amounting to a scream, “would you probe the wound still deeper? would you press the searing-iron on the scorched and blistered heart? Where is she now? and who was it that for the gain of filthy lucre looked coldly on, and scorned the lad they had formerly encouraged? Who was it that took—hell, no! —not took, but rent her heart from mine? And, do you think I’ll not have my revenge when it is securely within my grasp?”

“An’ shure we will!” exclaimed Hagan; “an’ why not?” He caught sight of Lady O’Toole, who stood farther back in the recess. “There’s two of yer as I knows, but who’s the third ye’ve got stowed away in the hole?”

When Hagan made his first appearance in

front of the cavern, Lady O'Toole was too much agitated to take any especial notice of him, though his voice seemed familiar to her ear ; but Bridget's remarks, and Mike's rejoinders, had filled up the lapse of memory, and she now well remembered that on one trying occasion she had rendered him a most essential service. The recollection was sudden, and might well have seemed the result of inspiration. Without a moment's hesitation she stood forward, and, assuming the manner and even the idiom of those before her, she uttered, " And it's who am I, Mike Hagan ? Is it you who would be asking who I am ? Where was you, Mike Hagan, when the soldiers were loading their firelocks in the wood to take your life ? And who was it that risked her own to save you from dying the death of a thraitor ? "

" It's thrue for you, my lady, an' I know you now," replied the man, abashed, but not subdued. " For yourself and yourn my heart's blood is at your command ; but, who was it that

hunted me into the wood with his bagles, and led the sodgers there? who was it that helped to bind me to the tree, and tould the red-back slaves to load? Shure 'twas the O'Connor; he who stowle away our captain's bride. The dioul be wid him, and fetch his sowl this night!"

"Have I the honour of being in the presence of Lady O'Tpoole?" said the leader as he respectfully uncovered his head. "May every blessing and every happiness be showered upon you!" his voice faltered almost to feminine softness. "May your days be many and prosperous; for it's you, my lady, and them belonging to you, as is friends to my unfortunate countrymen. My curses rest upon their enemies!"

"Then to you will I address myself, young man," said her ladyship, resuming all her natural dignity. "I am well aware of your lawless purpose in being in this neighbourhood. Your person has now become familiar to me; your companion there I am well acquainted

with ; and, though it is my pride to shield the defenceless, and protect the innocent, I will not on any consideration spare the wilfully guilty."

"Your threats are worse than useless," said Bridget, deprecatingly ; "and the boys there forenent you—do you think, my lady, they are like the king's throopers, to be marched and wheeled-about like slaves ? Oh ! spake softly to Dermot, an it's himself 'ull listen to your requests."

"Well, then," said Lady O'Toole, changing her mode of address to one of supplication, "I will solemnly exhort and implore you to forbear your meditated injury."

"I cannot, my lady ; it is now too late," returned Delaney ; "the men are wild and impatient ; they have, at my desire, thravelled more than sixty miles, almost without sustenance, to wreak this vengeance for me, and to teach the proud oppressor that the sthrong arm can reach him from afar."

"But they will act in obedience to your will,

Captain Delaney," argued her ladyship persuasively; "you have only to speak the word—"

"And lose their confidence for ever after!" interrupted Dermot in a tone of remonstrance; "they are now my safeguard—my protection; but what would they be should they find their chief, like a whipped schoolboy, abandoning his enterprise because a woman weeps? No, my lady, it cannot be done, and we must on!"

"Go then, sir; hasten to the consummation of your hellish rage," said Lady O'Toole with startling energy; "satisfy the wolfish cravings of your desperate band; and when your infernal purpose is accomplished, return to your home, with the gratification of knowing that the woman you once loved—"

"Once loved!" shrieked Delaney, as he struck his clenched hand with violence on his forehead—"once loved, did you say? It's here her image is!" and he smote heavily with his open palm upon his breast; "here—stamped,

and for ever—aye, burnt into my heart's very core! May hell's hottest ashes be heaped on him who blasted all my hopes of happiness! Once loved?—my soul can never know another!”

“And yet you would perpetrate an act of—of vill—; that is, I mean revenge, upon a woman whom you love!” urged her ladyship; “you would involve a household in destruction, and the principal sufferers must be Mrs. O'Connor and her child!”

“Mille dioul!” exclaimed the chief fiercely, as if stung with sudden phrenzy, “why do you spake that hated name to me—to me, who loved her as Kathleen Macgennis?—Her child, too!”—and his wild laugh rung horribly through the cavern—“March, boys!—on!” and he essayed to depart.

At this moment Mrs. O'Connor dropped on her knees before him, and caught his arm.—“No, Dermot!” said she, “you must not, shall not, do this thing! Would you have my



curse for ever ringing in your ears—the curse of her you loved? I became a wife to save my parents from ruin; and, now I am a mother, would you make me desperate? You do not love me; it is false; you have never loved me!”

Delaney looked down upon the beautiful woman who was pleading at his feet, and better feelings stole over him as he gazed. “A wife!—a mother!” repeated he; “but who is there now to cheer *my* desolated home? No wife will ever greet me there—no child will bear my outlawed name to posterity.”

“Have better hopes, my friend,” said Lady O’Toole with soothing kindness; “you are yet young; the human mind is not so fixed as that despair should hold her seat for ever. Withdraw your armed force; return to your allegiance to your sovereign; become a useful and honourable member of society—”

“A wife—a mother, Kathleen, and you not mine!” said Dermot in a voice of melancholy musing, though sweetly harmonious; and her

ladyship became aware that her excellent advice had been unheard and unheeded, as the mind of the individual addressed was absorbed in other contemplations. “Kathleen!”—and his voice shook with emotion as he passed his hand over her pale cheek—“you said a wife—a mother!”

“Boderation! are we to march?” shouted Hagan. “How do you know but this is all a fetch, to save time and bring the peelers upon us?”

“Pace, you ne’er-do-well!” exclaimed Bridget; “if treachery had been meant, I need not have been here.”

The chief, however, heard them not; his heart was bowed down by powerful and oppressive emotion; big, scalding tears came dropping from his eyes, and fell upon the face of her who knelt humbly before him; his limbs trembled—his pulses throbbed—and a few more persuasive words from the lips of Mrs. O’Connor, his purpose would have changed. But at this moment a loud shout resounded in the van of his

party ; the report of musketry, and the whistling of bullets, as they pierced the bushes and rung against the rocks, was heard. Delaney sprang forward as if bitten by an adder ; all his energies revived in an instant as he stood proudly erect. “ We are bethrayed ! ” exclaimed he to Hagan. “ Bring the men in amongst the rocks,” he then shouted in the native tongue, and dashed onwards to the front.

Then arose yells, and shrieks, and groans, mingling in wild confusion with the shouts of combatants and rattling volleys of musketry ; whilst the darkness was lightened up by bright flashes from the guns. The females shrank back within the cavern in terror and affright ; nor were they sensible, till he spoke, that a new comer had joined companionship in the person of Sir Phelim O'Toole. A cry of delight escaped from her ladyship as she clung to her husband ; but the feeling of pleasure was instantly subdued when she called to mind the great peril he was in.

“How has all this happened?” inquired the agitated lady; “we should have prevailed on the rebel chief to go back but for this outbreak; what is it, Sir Phelim, and what has caused it?”

“The rashness of O’Connor,” replied Sir Phelim. “It was as we suspected: he had been enticed away, but soon became aware of the trick. It excited his suspicion, and he procured a body of police and soldiery to return with him to the hall. On their way the fire from the burning of several haggards attracted their attention, and Terence, thinking he was bound, in his magisterial capacity, to render assistance, was hastening towards the conflagration. I fell in with him a short distance hence, and gave him an intimation that he had better march to the defence of the hall. He resolutely refused, and I then felt bound to tell him the peril to which he and all of us would be exposed if he persisted. Nothing, however, could stop him; he would advance; it was a point of duty with

him. The parties met, and are now engaged in deadly strife."

"Oh! Dermot, Dermot! you will be avenged this night; and I—what will become of me?" groaned Mrs. O'Connor. "But my husband is in danger," continued she with more firmness, "and it's by his side I ought to be. My friends are brought into trouble through my unhappy fate; but here, my lady, you will be safe, and I must seek O'Connor."

"My dear creature," said the kind-hearted baronet, "any attempt to reach him would be worse than madness; the bullets are flying in all directions; a chance blow might cut you down; even the sight of you would but inflame the villains more, and urge them to greater desperation."

"Rest quiet, madam," said Bridget, who addressed her young mistress with deferential respect in the presence of a man of rank and title. "Shure, and Sir Phelim knows best what's properest to be done."

“But they will meet ! Bridget ; oh, Sir Phelim, they will come face to face, and murder will be done !” exclaimed Mrs. O’Connor. “If I was there I might prevent it.”

The baronet was ignorant as to what the allusion was pointed at. He knew but little of Mrs. O’Connor’s early history, but when Lady O’Toole explained the circumstance of the rebel chief having been formerly a lover of Kathleen, from whom she had been separated by her parents because the O’Connor match was one of greater advantage to themselves, as well as to their child, as far as station in society and wealth were concerned, Sir Phelim keenly felt the very awkward situation in which they were placed, and he determined not to quit the females, but to become their protector against all foes.

“Indeed—indeed I cannot remain, my lady ?” mournfully uttered Mrs. O’Connor, as she attempted to depart, but was stopped by Sir Phelim and the nurse. “Oh, this is cruel



kindness !” added she, “and Dermot will have no compunctious visitings of pity.”

“Dermot may himself be worsted,” said the baronet, as he drew her back within the cavern. “But, hark, the fight is rolling backward on us ; even here you are not safe. Quick ! quick ! in to the priest’s room ; no shot can reach you there. I will guard the entrance. In quick, I say !” and he almost rudely pushed them into the inner apartment, where they were involved in the very blackness of darkness ; the two ladies firmly clinging to each other, and Bridget on her knees, uttering “och hones !”

The ground on which the parties met was broken and uneven, so that those who were on horseback were compelled to dismount, and as the passes were narrow and tortuous, the firing was kept up in a sort of tiralade, personal contact seldom occurring ; yet it was not less bloody, and the wild howl that frequently arose added horror to the battle.

Backward indeed rolled the contest, for the

rebels by command of Dermot were retreating amidst the rocky fastnesses, and, whilst sheltering themselves amongst the barriers, they dealt destruction to their assailants; in fact, it was just the sort of warfare that suited the insurgents, giving them a decided superiority over the troops, who were more accustomed to the open plains. Almost every interstice amongst the confused and irregular mass of rocks was occupied by one or more of the rebel band, whose death-dealing instruments laid many a stout heart low, never to beat with the cares or enjoyments, the pains or the pleasures of life again.

But still the soldiers persevered, and treading over the bodies of their slain comrades, they boldly continued the attack, stretching many a stout fellow on the ground, never to rise again. No quarter was given; the conflict was one of desperation; and Mr. O'Connor on his side, and Dermot, with his second, Mike Hagan, were constantly seen moving rapidly in every

direction, to encourage and support their several partisans.

It was in the open area or space in front of the cavern that the two leaders met, and there was a sufficient glimmering of light to render mutual recognition immediate. If, however, any doubt had arisen through the density of the evening gloom as it fell upon the landscape, that doubt was soon removed by a sudden blaze that ascended high amongst the trees from the exploded cartridges having ignited the dry grass and stunted shrubs, that had been profusely heaped together in certain places by the eddy winds as they whirled amongst the rocks. The whole place was illumined, and the red glare falling on the combatants, gave them the appearance of demons insatiate for slaughter.

“O’Connor, you villain!” shouted Delaney, as he threw himself in front of his rival, “there is no one to plead for you now,” and he aimed a blow with his up-raised sabre, which would have instantly deprived the magistrate of his

life, but for the timely succour of a stout gigantic figure, who rushed between them, and brought his bludgeon with accurate precision to the guard. But the sword of Dermot severed it in two, as if it had been a mere twig, though without harming the man, who with a bound and a spring had retreated out of the way.

“Take back your villain, and with it the name of rebel, you rapparee!” exclaimed O’Connor as he levelled his pistol at the other’s heart, —the trigger clashed, —there was a bright flash, a report, the whistling of a ball, but when the smoke partially cleared, Delaney stood uninjured, Mike Hagan having very opportunely knocked up the muzzle exactly at the right instant of time, to prevent it’s doing execution.

“Hurroo!” bellowed Mike as he sprang towards the man who had saved O’Connor; “Is it yerself, Larry Laffan, you thafe o’ the world!” and Larry’s skull rattled again beneath the stroke of Mike’s stick. The blow, however, seemed to produce but little effect beyond a

short stagger, and Laffan having supplied himself with a *twig* to suit him, resolutely returned to the affray.

“ An’ it’s hurroo again, Mike Hagan !” roared Larry, as he placed himself in hostile array against his antagonist. “ Shure an’ I know your thafe’s face, in spite of the divel’s colour you’ve shaded over it ! Faix, an’ ye’ll be black enough there when ye get the rope round your neck.”

Then did these two giants address themselves to the encounter, and never were gladiators better matched. Both had cutlasses, but they preferred the genuine shilaleagh as the most national and natural to them. The very ground shook under them as they bounded and sprang upon each other, and the air rang again with their wild shouts, and the rattling of the sticks.

In the meanwhile the two principals had become engaged with the sword, and as both were perfect masters of the weapon, an obstinate combat ensued. The fire continued to blaze

with greater fierceness, so as to throw a stronger light upon the spectacle. The noise of the musketry ceased, except a random-shot now and then in the distance. The insurgents had gathered round the arena to witness the double fight, whilst the wily serjeant of the soldiers cautiously and silently withdrew his men from the imminent peril into which the ardent zeal of O'Connor had brought them, though by so doing he left the haughty magistrate to shift for himself.

Delaney and O'Connor, Larry and Mike, placed in juxta-position, carried on the war; but Hagan kept diminishing the distance between the separate parties, and at every bound he continued to approach nearer to O'Connor, who had quite enough to do to attend to his own immediate opponent. It was just at this interval that Mrs. O'Connor could no longer be confined by Sir Phelim O'Toole, and she rushed out upon the scene of strife at the very moment when Mike Hagan, his eye keenly fixed on



Larry, but confident that his point was gained, made a sudden and tremendous sweep with his bludgeon, performing a complete revolution with his body, and inflicting a heavy blow on the neck of the magistrate, that sent him instantly to the earth. Dermot, in the blindness of his hate and revenge would have followed up this advantage ; he raised his sword to plunge it in the heart of the prostrate man, but the fallen body was covered by that of his wife, and Delaney's impetuosity had nearly thrust the weapon into the bosom of her whom he still most passionately loved.

A fierce shout of applause and defiance rose wildly in the air from the insurgents, who now became aware that the enemy had left them, and murmurings arose "the pass—the pass!" Larry Laffan stood patiently abiding the scoffing and occasional blows that were levelled at him ; his spirit seemed to be conquered as he beheld the body of his chief, and he felt certain that he had now no one to back him. Mike

Hagan addressed Delaney in Irish ; it had an electric effect upon him, for putting a whistle to his lips he sounded its shrill notes and all of his followers who had survived the conflict were immediately gathered round him. In a short, but apparently by his gestures forcible speech, he spoke to them in their own tongue, and at the conclusion Sir Phelim and the females were made prisoners, whilst two of the party raised O'Connor on their shoulders to carry him off.

“ Believe me, Sir Phelim, no harm is meant you,” said Delaney with fervour ; “ my folly and rashness have brought these lads into throuble,—some of our comrades,—rest their sows—must remain behind—more’s the pity, but we must hasten hence. It is not far you’ll go, Sir Phelim—and you Kathleen,” added he, as he approached her, “ never will you have molestation from Dermot again,—never ! As for him,” and a scowl of contempt passed across his features, “ his time’s not yet come. I will

have a heavier, deeper revenge than taking his life, though you have saved him, Miss Macgennis." He then with his prisoners safe guarded proceeded to take the lead, and shouted "March, boys!—Keep close order!"

The light from the fires faded away as the band, receding from the spot, wound their devious path in narrow passages between lofty rocks that sometimes overhung their heads so as to exclude a sight of the heavens, where the stars were shining in all their brilliancy and glory. Mrs. O'Connor walked by the side of her husband's body, her heart almost bursting, whilst Delaney kept near her, though he forbore to disturb her grief.

"I had hoped better things of you, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "I have heard your name spoken of as a throe pathriot for Ireland. But this is not throe pathriotism, and what can you do should these misguided men be taken,—what can you do to save them?—You may

have left wounded comrades, whose lives will become forfeited to outraged laws."

"It grieves me to hear the censure of one who is so well known as owld Ireland's friend," returned the outlaw; "but what is there left for the proscribed but to dare his foes, or quit his counthry. I've suffered, Sir Phelim,—but it is principally for these," and he waved his hand towards his followers, "that I draw the sword. As for the wounded, they have been taken care of. A throe Irishman will never abandon a friend in distress."

"I trust you will never attempt again to desthroy the peace of a harmless woman, Mr. Delaney," said the baronet. "As for my being now detained, although an outrage, yet I know the cause,—but should your scheme fail, what then do you propose to do?"

"No injury to you or yours, Sir Phelim," returned the outlaw. "I have enough already to atone for.—Curses be on them as forced me

to it ! But I must trust to your aid, Sir Phe-  
lim to negotiate—. The fellow there,” and he  
pointed to O’Connor, “is only stunned a bit,  
though Mike’s argument will not be very soon  
driven from his head. The ladies are safe, all  
are safe, and you would not see more Irish  
blood staining its native soil ? the officer com-  
manding, be he who he may, does not know  
our present intents ; nor indeed can I fully  
answer for the boys if once they are thoroughly  
incensed. You know their nature, sir, and—”

“ I perfectly comprehend your meaning, Mr.  
Delaney,” said the baronet, interrupting him,  
“and on condition that you pledge yourself  
never to molest Mrs. O’Connor or her husband  
again, I will comply.”

“ Lave out the man, sir, and I instantly  
agree,” replied Dermot. “ It is he, and the  
likes of him, that have brought me to this  
desperate condition. He has been my bane—  
my curse,—a broken-hearted mother dragged  
untimely to her burial,—a desolated heart,—a

solitary home,—mille dioul, and I yet live to bear it !”

“ I can make no deductions in my terms,” said Sir Phelim, firmly and with decision. “ Promise me you will never again personally injure Mr. and Mrs. O’Connor, nor harm anything belonging to them, and I think I may ensure your safe retreat ; otherwise I am ready to brave the worst, though it may fall on those whom I esteem dearest and best.”

“ For myself, sir, I am regardless as to consequences,” returned Delaney, in a reckless tone ; “ but for these,” again he waved his hand, “ though victory is sure, yet numbers must perish, and not a throoper would be left alive to carry back the intelligence of defeat. I will leave the conditions to yourself, Sir Phelim.”

“ You promise, then ?” uttered the baronet as he suddenly stopped and grasped Delaney by the arm.

“ My oath upon it !” replied the outlaw, as



he made the sign of the cross with his thumb and finger, and pressed it to his lips.

“Enough!” exclaimed the baronet, as he again pursued his way, with Lady O’Toole leaning on his arm.

Apart from these and side by side walked Mike Hagan and Larry Laffan, like twin Goliaths overtopping the heads of their neighbours. Near them, and within earshot, came Bridget Macarthy the nurse, full of anxious fears for her darlin Kathleen, and well knowing the peril they had yet to encounter, for she was unacquainted with the arrangement entered into between Delaney and Sir Phelim O’Toole.

“An purty news for the owld mother it ull be, Larry Laffan,” said Mike Hagan, with mingling feelings of emotion and contempt. “An much she’ll be pleased when she hears that her own boy (Larry was nearly seven feet in altitude) has lent himself to do the bidding of his counthry’s enemies—why?—An joyous it will make the lasseen in the valley when she’s

tould that the lad of her heart has become a thafe-o'-the-world of a dthriver—why?”

“An where is the use o’ starvin’, Mike Hagan,” replied the other, somewhat mournfully. “I’ve a good set o’ tath and a keen stomick, Mike, and devil a bite or a sup could I get to appase my hunger, for no one would give me work, bekase I come from a proclaimed district, shure.”

“In regard o’ the work it may be thrue, or it may not be thrue, Larry Laffan,” rejoined Mike, perseveringly; “but for the bite and the sup it’s a lie jist!—for the bite and the sup are niver denied yer at Castle Toole!—Long life to Sir Phelim, and may the blessed saints guard her ladyship’s bed. It’s sowld yourself to O’Connor you have, and left the owld woman to die alone in her cottage, with sthrangers to close her eyes, and sthrangers to make her wake.”

The Irish are proverbial for their filial affection, especially to their aged parents; and Larry Laffan, rough as was his nature, felt the holy

distilment in his heart. The picture of his early home, and the girl he had plighted troth with, rose before his imagination. "An will you spake pace to her, Mike?" said he.

"An what would his words be at second-hand, Larry Laffan, seeing as it's not the voice of her son she harde?" uttered Bridget persuasively. "Go back to her, Larry, and comfort her owld heart in the chilling winther of its age. Lave the furaners and their laws, and rethurn to your own counthry, Larry. Why, shure, and it's a quiet conscience as ye'll get, and not false oaths and wicked shuits to murder the poor."

"Nor broken heads and bruised limbs," chimed in Mike, "barring in the way of love at a pathern or a fair—an he the second best at the shtick of any man in the province."

The report of a musket right in their front, and the whistling of a bullet close above their heads, gave intimation that further progress would be contested. They were, in fact, about

to emerge from the pass into the open plain, and as only two could go out abreast, a quick and well-directed fire was calculated to produce great destruction amongst the insurgents. The serjeant, when he withdrew his men from amidst the rocks, had sent a part of them to defend O'Connor Hall, should the rebels proceed thither ; whilst with the rest he made a rapid *detour* to the entrance of the pass, naturally concluding that if they retreated in that direction they would be almost entirely at his disposal. Delaney, however, commanded a halt, and with that quickness of thought which characterized him, he directed all his men who had fire-arms to climb the rocks in the best way they could, but not to fire till they received his orders. In a very short space of time, although the difficulties of ascent seemed almost insurmountable, the rebels had accomplished their task ; and crouching down on the summit, they completely held the soldiers under their guns, though the darkness prevented their numbers being ascertained.

“ There will be no necessity for negociation, Sir Phelim,” said Dermot, proudly. “ Do you and the ladies retire within the pass—the first turn, and you are safe. Those fellows must be taught to respect us; our contract’s at an end.”

“ Is that honourable, Mr. Delaney?” asked the baronet; “ had the force opposed to you been superior to yours, would you have considered the contract void?”

“ The conditions, Sir Phelim—the conditions,” returned Delaney energetically. “ I cannot in my conscience keep them as it respects the man. He may purshue me, pershecute me, and am I to be passive? For her, I swear she shall ever be safe from me;—for him, I will do him no personal harm, unless in self-defence. Are you content with that?”

The baronet was speedily apprized, by the skilful manœuvre of the outlaw, that the troops were entirely at his mercy, and, willing and desirous to prevent bloodshed, he acceded to the

terms. But the difficulty was in communicating with the serjeant, as there could not be a doubt that, whoever presented themselves outside the gorge, would instantly meet their death. As a proof of this, Delaney suspended a cottamore at the end of a pole, and thrusting it out, it was instantly pierced with balls, and a shout arose from the soldiers as the fancied rebel fell.

“Mike Hagan!” shouted Delaney to Mike, who, with Larry by his side, was seated on the summit of a rock.

“An it’s here I am to the fore,” answered Mike, looking down, but retaining such a position that his old companion and antagonist could take no advantage of him.

“Fire a single shot over them throopers, and then let all the men shout—d’ye mind,” said Delaney.

“I do,” replied Mike; and then calling to the people in their own tongue, he repeated the orders:—“Padreen Cahill, send a bullet out yonder, and don’t touch anybody.”



“Dive! a bit of a body will I touch,” replied the man, as he presented his piece right in the very centre of the soldiers, and fired. Then arose a loud shout from the rocks; and the serjeant became aware, by the fall of one of his men, how much his position was exposed, whilst, at the same time, he wondered at the forbearance of the rebels. A volley, however, was fired upwards by the incensed soldiers, who were maddened at the death of their comrade; and this drew down a scattering fire from the insurgents in return.

“All hope of conciliation is at an end, Sir Phelim,” said Delaney; “men like mine cannot always be kept under conthroul. The soldiers, however, will retreat directly, and my word shall not be held the less sacred for not having had occasion to use your promised interference.”

“I am satisfied, Mr. Delaney,” returned the baronet; “but let me beg of you to stay the work of slaughter.”

“ They must be driven off, Sir Phelim,” urged the outlaw ; “ my men shall not purshue them, unless they attempt to follow us. I bid you farewell, Sir, for we must part here.—Katherine !” and he turned to Mrs. O’Connor, whilst his voice underwent a change—“ Katherine ! this is my last adieu in this world !” He took her passive hand, pressed it to his lips, and suddenly burst away.

As Delaney had anticipated, the serjeant found that his ground was no longer tenable ; the bugle sounded the retreat ; the soldiers rapidly withdrew ; and the insurgents falling in, in regular order on the plain, marched off till they were lost sight of in the darkness—and with them went Larry Laffan, the driver.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ All memory is a trance,  
In which love is the fondest of the dreams—  
Or, let us change the image—in the shrine  
Of the veiled soul there is a lyre whose themes  
Are vowed to love—the feelings are its strings.”

E. L. BULWER.

MR. O'CONNOR (who had been placed sitting on the ground with his back against a rock, and his head supported by his wife) gave manifestations of returning consciousness. Had the blow been much heavier it must have dislocated his neck, and probably would have done so as it was, but for the thick well-padded collar of his coat. At all events it produced insensibility as far as outward objects were concerned, and the sickening sensation and dizziness it

caused, as perception was restored, rendered him unable to move, or to articulate for some considerable time.

Happily the soldiers who had repaired to O'Connor Hall made such representations that some of the domestics hastened to the holy well, and meeting with the sergeant and his retreating party, as well also being joined by a reinforcement, who had been drawn towards the place by the firing and the blaze which illumined the sky, they repaired to the cavern, and finding it empty they traversed the defile, and and eventually came upon Sir Phelim and the ladies. A rude litter of tree boughs and stakes was quickly put together, and whilst a few remained to guard Mr. O'Connor to his home, the rest set out in pursuit of the rebels.

Many weeks rolled over the head of the magistrate, during which he was unable to quit his chamber; but his rigour was increased rather than relaxed, and his deputies were more active than ever, though in their personal encounters

they sadly missed their champion Larry Laffan. Towards his wife his manners had assumed a harshness she had never experienced from him before ; in fact he felt sore, though he was too proud to own it, that she should have met his rival at the holy well ; he fancied that her solicitations for his safety had humbled him before Delaney, and wounded pride rendered him churlish and despotic. With the family at Castle Toole he would hold no communication or correspondence, and Sir Phelim, after two or three attempts at neighbourly conciliation, found it necessary out of respect to himself to desist.

The effects of the rencontre with the rebels was not long in producing its full and pernicious influences on Mrs. O'Connor ;—premature labour came on, and after a dangerous period she brought into the world a second son,—she lived but to look upon her child,—a cold shudder passed over her frame, and her spirit winged its flight to the pure realms of immortality and peace.

Although Mr. O'Connor had somewhat changed in his usual kindness to his wife, he had nevertheless loved her most passionately, and when her decease was announced, it deprived him for a time of reason. He had never contemplated such a thing as her death, and its suddenness came like the lightning's searing flash to his heart and brain. For months he was in a state of moody melancholy, and when this was conquered by the skilful management and attention of the physician, he continued inconsolable for the loss he had sustained ; no visitors were ever invited to the hall,—no convivial parties ever beheld him at the festive board,—he shunned society, though he still continued his active duties as a magistrate, and at the commencement of a new reign he was elevated to the dignity and title of a baronet, as a reward for his unwearied exertions—some asserted persecutions—against suspicious characters, that is, the poor wretches who by the conversion of land from a state of pasturage to



that of tillage, were deprived not only of their work, but even of their habitations. The commons were enclosed contrary to solemn engagements, and thus another source of subsistence was cut off from them, and being, according to the historian, "provoked to resentment, and joined by numbers whom idleness had driven into vice and disorder, these unhappy people assembled together at night, and began to take the redress of grievances into their own hands Beginning with the demolishing of the fences of the common lands, they thence obtained the name of Levellers, but were afterwards distinguished by that of Whiteboys, from the practice of wearing white shirts over their common apparel."

The royal troops were very active against the Whiteboys, and the lord lieutenant had issued positive commands that no officer should be absent from his regiment, as was then too much the practice, for commissions in the army were at that time looked upon as a sort of

aristocratical sinecures. The outrage in the neighbourhood of O'Connor Hall, together with some subsequent violence, was the cause of a numerous body of horse and foot being posted in the district, and as Castle Toole was never closed to the rites of hospitality, numbers of the aspirants to military honours were frequent in their visits ; nor was the beauty of Miss Alicia less cause of attraction than the hearty welcomes of her indulgent parents.

Alicia had now turned her eighteenth year,—lovely as nature could well make her,—warm-hearted to the extreme of generosity, for it was friendship and affection that kept the flame alive,—attached to her country, and sensible of the wrongs of her rash fellow subjects, she became the idol of the lower orders, though the young sprigs of nobility who had been accustomed to butterfly it round the vice regal chair were shocked at her democratic notions, and at the humanity she practised towards her suffering neighbours, whose cause she made her own.

Amongst the young officers was the Honourable Augustus Frederick Gordon, a lieutenant of dragoons, and second son to the Earl of Gordon, Viscount Gordon, and Baron Farley, a peer of the realm by his second title, and one of the Privy Council, a staunch Whig in politics, inclining more to liberality than the usual run of the caste. Possessed of high aristocratical notions, he hoped and desired that his sons might form matrimonial alliances calculated to extend their influence, and to secure their own prosperity in future. But the sons were mortal ; Lord Farley, the eldest, had married a rich citizen's daughter, and was looked upon as lost to the fashionable world, which considered him wrecked to all intents and purposes, though the rock on which he had struck was a golden one.

The noble earl, foiled in his hopes by his eldest son, turned with more eager expectation to his second, who was entirely dependent on his father for the maintenance of his present rank and the prospects of his future advancement, which the

more fortunate elder brother was not. He was an extremely good-looking young man, though the cynics pronounced him more showy than handsome ; his manners were prepossessing and engaging ; his accomplishments and quickness of intellect far beyond the usual attainments of the scions of nobility ; his temper was doubtful, but there was an easy carelessness of disposition that often rendered him the dupe of designing knaves, who tempted, and led him into error ; he was generous and humane, and could enter into all the enjoyments of life, whether they were to be found beneath the gilded dome of a regal mansion, or partaken of under the straw thatch of a peasant's cottage ; he was kind and charitable to the poor—the advocate of the oppressed—in short, he was the very individual to make an impression on a young female of Alicia's temperament, and she was the personification of the *belle* ideal he had formed of the being whom his very soul could love.

So much for his good qualities—now for his

bad ; he was an inveterate gambler, subject to sudden fits of moroseness or passion, which, though they did not last long, were terrible whilst upon him, and made him dreaded by all who witnessed them, or experienced their effects. As a social companion, he at once assumed the manners and habits of those with whom chance or circumstances had located him for the time being ; and whether it was the solemn divan of antiquated, but coronetted spinsters, dealing out scandal with the cards, or jolly good toppers in a tap-room, who destroyed their bodies by swallowing spirits—whether in the senate (for he was an M. P. for one of his father's rotten boroughs) or in the cockpit, shaking hands with noble peers, or “ tipping his mawley ” to some ignoble boxer—he was never at a loss.

These latter imperfections were, however, unknown to Miss Alicia ; she had seen only the bright side of the picture, and not the reverse ; he had more than once been her gratified companion in relieving poor families in distress ;

they seemed to be actuated by one motive, one principle, one heart, for, before he was aware of it, he passionately loved the little beauty, and, heedless as to consequences, he became every thing she could desire. But Alicia's was not a mind to be trifled with ; she had a keen penetration of her own, as well as a watchful mother, whose eye and ear were constantly on the alert lest harm should befall the darling of her heart.

Tedious courtships are generally unknown in Ireland. Sir Phelim's consent to their union was obtained, provided that the noble earl would proffer no objections, and make a suitable provision for the young lieutenant. With respect to the first, the haughty peer neither assented nor dissented ; he left the Honourable Augustus Frederick entirely at his own disposal ; but in reference to the second, he decidedly declared his intention of withdrawing all future support in the event of his marrying out of the peerage.

Sir Phelim was nettled ; the lieutenant, in making himself all things to every body, had



crept into the baronet's good graces, so as to render himself somewhat essential to his enjoyments ; he was a keen sportsman ; never flinched from the bottle, yet was always fit to appear afterwards in the society of the ladies ; he told a clever story, could sing an excellent song, showed himself a good judge of horses and dogs, and yet conducted himself with so much deferential respect, that his remarks seemed to emanate more from Sir Phelim himself than from the gay dragoon.

With Lady O'Toole he was equally a favourite, for he was well acquainted with all the pleasant modes of gaining a lady's esteem ; in fact, what would have taken others years of anxious toil and study to acquire, was in him perfect nature—a sort of Crichton for good or evil. But Alicia idolized him ; her heart was never formed for cool, calculating speculation as to wealth or rank ; she saw only the man as he appeared in all his shining and remarkable qualities before her ; she loved him with all the

intensity of a young and artless Irishwoman, and she would have perished had he betrayed and left her.

What was to be done? The Honourable Augustus Frederick, with the most perfect candour, revealed his situation to the baronet, who was piqued by the slight the peer had put upon the descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland. The noble earl had talked of his aristocratic station, but the baronet d—d his blood for placing it in competition with the royal current that flowed in the veins of the O'Tooles.

“And what’s to be done in this affair, Mr. Gordon,” enquired Sir Phelim, as the two gentlemen sat over the bottle, after the departure of the ladies from the dinner table. “I would speak with all due respect of the noble earl, your father—fill your glass Augustus, and pass the wine back—yes, with every respect, but my little darleen shall go begging to no peer of the realm—no, nor even to his sacred Majesty either, God bless him, though he’s a young and gra-

cious king as well might wish to have such a beautiful bride for his queen, and she with royal blood in her veins."

"I fully comprehend the difficulty of my situation, sir," responded the Honourable Augustus Frederick, as he filled his glass; "but I assure you, sir, that every thing which honour and affection can dictate, it shall be my earnest study to perform."

"No one doubts you, Mr. Gordon; at least, no one in Castle Toole," rejoined the baronet, as he held up his glass between his eye and the wax-light. "But, sir—drink your wine Augustus, and fill again, for we mustn't be long absent from the ladies, and the decanter is only half empty—I was saying, sir," he paused for a minute, and then continued: "D— it, I don't know what I was saying or going to say. It's a work of delicacy, young gentleman, and during dinner, whilst I was dismembering the goose, a thought crossed me—not the merry-thought, you wag, for I see your grin;—no, no, but an

idea came over my mind that you should go to London and see your father—" and the baronet paused.

"Any thing you may be pleased to direct, Sir Phelim, shall meet with prompt obedience," said the young officer; "my future happiness is in your hands."

"Yes—yes, you shall see your noble father," said Sir Phelim; "and if a personal interview has no effect—if he is still inexorable—" the baronet stopped and mused.

"I throw myself upon your mercy, sir," uttered the dragoon, to whom suspense seemed agony. "Your decision must make me either happy or miserable through the residue of my days."

"And is it make you miserable I would?" said the kind-hearted baronet. "Not I, my boy. But it is a delicate affair. My daughter shall be forced into no man's family. Thank God! her blood is more than noble; and as she is to be my heiress, why her fortune, let alone her

beauty and accomplishments, need not be put up to auction. Still it is her happiness I have most at heart—don't sip your wine, Augustus, but empty your glass, and fill again; I am waiting for the bottle—I was saying it is her happiness I have most at heart; and if the earl refuses, I'll get you removed to some other station."

"Good God! what is it you can mean, Sir Phelim?" exclaimed the young man, in evident alarm. "Would you fix my earthly doom in wretchedness?—would you force me away?"

"For a few months, Augustus—only for a few months, to test the interval," replied the kind-hearted baronet. "Both of you are young—too young for an immediate union. And who knows what may happen in the mean time?"

"True, sir, very true," responded the officer, looking rueful enough; "no one can tell. My regiment may be ordered abroad; Miss Alicia, perhaps—yet no, I will not wrong her nature by one ungenerous thought—I will be obedient

to command, Sir Phelim. Dispose of me as you please."

"Well, be a good lad during your probation—the wine stands with you—and we shall see what the end of it will be."

"I trust I shall not be altogether excluded from your hospitable mansion, Sir Phelim," said the lieutenant, deprecatingly. "I hope I may sometimes—"

"The gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you," returned the baronet. "But come, fill a bumper: we're rather below the mark. Let us drink 'the ladies.'" The command was complied with enthusiastically by the young officer, after which Sir Phelim continued: "I was saying the gates of Castle Toole shall never be closed against you as long as you continue to retain my friendship, but you must not come too often. Attend strictly to your military duties. I am somewhat known to Lord Halifax, and—but times will change. Your father's commands must be obeyed; it is



your duty to obey them, nor will I sanction any thing like disobedience. There, don't look so melancholy ; we'll take the field early in the morning, and renew the conversation as we ride home. By the bye, 'his lordship' is getting quite stubborn."

"Do you mean the earl or the horse, sir?" inquired Augustus, with a look of arch demureness.

"I mean the horse, to be sure—the horse, you wag!" returned Sir Phelim, laughing as he refilled his glass. "You shall ride him for me to-morrow. Now, fill your glass—come, no flinching." The young man obeyed. "And now the decanter is empty, we'll adjourn to the ladies."

That evening was passed in more anxiety and sadness than Alicia had ever experienced before. She was sincerely, devotedly attached to the young officer; and though her pride was sensibly hurt at the earl's uncourteous conduct, yet no blame whatever could be imputed to the

Honourable Augustus Frederick. Still she was rather nettled that the lieutenant should have so readily acquiesced in the proposal of her father for his departure from the neighbourhood of the castle.

The hounds met the following morning. The muster was numerous and respectable; a fox was soon found, and away they went in full cry to enjoy that exhilarating exercise which is the delight of the hunter. The Honourable Augustus Frederick, according to agreement the evening before, was mounted on "his lordship," a self-willed beast, that required good management, but in other respects a capital horse for strength and spirit. Now, whether the lieutenant's thoughts were otherwise occupied, or from whatever cause it sprung, certain it is that he attended but little to the sport, and still less to his animal, who, with the natural instinct peculiar to the hunter, was speedily made sensible of the fact, and at the earliest opportunity took advantage of it by pitching his rider

over his head into a broad deep dyke that the dragoon wished him to cross without the aid of a bridge. Had he merely fallen into the water, the cold-bath might have had a beneficial effect upon his spirits, so as to revive him from his lethargy ; but unfortunately there was part of a gate sticking in the clay bottom, and upon this the young lieutenant descended, dislocating his shoulder, and fracturing two of his ribs.

Sir Phelim's sport for the day was ended—the matter was too serious to be left to the direction of others. A carriage was promptly procured, and the Honourable Augustus Frederick was conveyed back to the castle in a dangerous state, to the great alarm of Lady O'Toole, and the severe grief of Miss Alicia. Surgeons had been immediately sent for, and of course they were instant in their attendance, for noble ribs require greater promptitude than those of plebeians. The bones were well set ; quiet and care insisted upon, with a due portion of medicine regularly administered.

A communication was forwarded to the earl, acquainting him with the occurrence, and the Irish blood of the ancient kings of Ireland was again inflamed by an assertion of the aristocratic father, that his son had done it on purpose, and commanding the lieutenant to quit Ireland as soon as he was in a fit condition to be removed; leave of absence having been obtained for that express purpose. As a matter of course, this order did not in any way tend to accelerate the gentleman's recovery. He was, however, at length pronounced out of danger—the rites of frank-hearted hospitality were freely and fully exercised. Alicia frequently visited the invalid with her mother, who had personally nursed him with great care and kindness, and the lieutenant went the length of declaring that “his lordship” was the best friend he ever had.

The time arrived when the Honourable Augustus Frederick was able to quit his apartment, and on one of those resplendent evenings when Nature holds supreme dominion over the

human heart, the lovers enjoyed a delicious interchange of vows, binding them to mutual affection and fidelity. The next day they parted, and the lieutenant proceeded to Dublin, from whence he crossed the water, and travelled by easy stages to London. Here he was graciously received by the earl, who looked upon his obedience as an evidence that all further correspondence with the O'Tooles was at an end; but when, in the course of an inquisitorial conversation, he ascertained how the facts clearly stood, his vexation, acting upon an extremely irritable temperament, threw him into an uncontrollable fit of rage; his passion burst forth like a torrent, sweeping even reason before it; he raved like a maniac, or rather like a demoniac, and in the midst of the direst denunciations, a gush of blood issued from his mouth and nostrils: he had burst an artery, and in a few hours was a corpse.

So melancholy a catastrophe operated very powerfully on the mind of the son, and brought

on severe indisposition ; in fact, he was reduced to the very brink of the grave, and but for the skill and unremitting assiduity of the physician, he must have sank under his affliction. His brother, now raised to the earldom, treated him with real fraternal affection ; nor was the countess wanting in those acts of kindness that evidence a feeling and benevolent heart. But there was another thing that tended materially towards his recovery, *viz.* the prospect of being united to Miss O'Toole ; for the will of his father had made no distinction between the two brothers as to personal property, and Augustus found himself amply provided for. In fact, as soon as the proper period for mourning had expired, Castle Toole displayed a brilliancy such as had never been seen within its walls before, to celebrate the marriage of the “ young misthress, having the raal blood of the ould kings of Ireland in her veins, with a born gentleman of the nobility of England—Hurroo !”

Glorious was the day, and Alicia, beautiful as



the morning-star, when the first silvery light of early dawn surrounds it—warm, yet chaste—smiled with delight on the bridegroom of her heart. There, too, were Sir Phelim and his valued lady; the baronet's countenance fraught with honest pride and jocund glee—his wife,

“ With a smile on her cheek, but a tear in her eye,”

looked with a mother's fondness on a daughter with whom she was soon to part, having entrusted her future happiness to the care and custody of another. Yet other thoughts were still actively busy: “ Who would tend her with the same unwearying devotion that her maternal parent had? Who would look upon her little failings and imperfections with the same partial eye as she who nursed her in her infancy?” Hopes and fears, prayers and blessings, came spontaneously mingling on the lips, and all the mother kindled in her bosom.

Glorious, indeed, was the day! There were all the gentry from miles around the country;

there were the peasantry and tenantry of the neighbourhood ; and even the still-workers from the mountains assembled to do honour to the occasion. Outlaws, that had ensconced themselves for many a long dreary month in solitary concealment, ventured forth, as if fearless of molestation during the general rejoicing ; and, in fact, there seemed to be a total cessation of hostilities in the district, the flag of truce being entwined with the banner of Hymen. All loved the O'Tooles, and all joyously united in testifying their regard on this happy event.

All?—oh no ! not all—for there was one who sat cheerless and sad in his home of sorrow ; no beam of light breaking in upon the darkness of his heart ; no cheering ray of hope illumining the desolation of his mind. The sun shone forth with brilliant splendour ; but the room of the moody man was darkened by the thick heavy curtains that were drawn across the windows, creating a dubious twilight in the midst of brightness, and rendering the antique furniture

of the apartment fantastically mournful in the unnatural gloom. The heavens were calm and clear ; not a whisper—not a breath was heard ; no wind swept the foliage even to awaken the slumbering leaves from their dreamy rest ; the silence was profound.

The individual was young in years—but the ravages of austerity and grief were visible in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. He sat with his elbow on the table, and his forehead reclining on his open palm, as he bent his sight upon a fine old hound that crouched at his feet, and seemed to partake of his master's thoughtful melancholy ; for he looked up in his face, as if musing on events that had made such sad changes on a countenance whose expression instinct had taught him to read with accurate precision.

Numerous weapons, principally fire-arms, were handily arranged, so as to be ready for instant use ; and they marked the characteristic of suspicion in the owner's breast. At a short distance

in his front, seated on a low stool, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her clenched hands firmly fixed beneath her chin to support her head, was an elderly female, whose grey hairs descended below her close cap with flowing lappets on each side, and who wore a sort of dark serge cloak or mantle over her shoulders; whilst her looks were alternately bent upon the man and upon his faithful animal. It was the nurse Bridget—and he whom she fronted was lord of O'Connor Hall!

Since the death of his wife, Sir Terence had lived in a state of seclusion; he expressed but small attachment for his children, who were consigned to the care of menials. Bridget had quitted the Hall to return to her native home; but she had now been summoned by the baronet, in consequence of his eldest boy having disappeared in a manner so mysterious that no clue whatever could be obtained as to the means of his removal, or whether he was living or dead. In fact, nothing whatever was known, except

that he was gone ; and as every probable place had been examined without avail, the mind of the unhappy man was left to its own torturing conjectures.

Bridget declared her inability to afford him information, although she professed to have been diligent in her inquiries and investigation ; she had just finished her report, and was still in the presence of the baronet as above described, watching the effects that her narrative was calculated to produce.

But this is a day of rejoicing ; and, therefore, we must quit the sombre shades of O'Connor Hall for the mirth and pleasure of Castle Toole. And right joyfully did the pealing sounds of revelry fill the air ! Millions of welcomes were showered upon all comers ; unbounded hospitality prevailed ; the feast was spread with lavish profusion for both rich and poor ; the sweet strains of music were responded to by the dancers ;—in short, it was a jubilee of unlimited delight, and the remembrance was cherished for

many years by all who shared in the happy festivities.

In a few weeks Alicia and her husband departed for England, and in London were warmly welcomed by the earl and countess. The beauty of the bride was the prevailing topic of the St. James's world; but it was decided upon by the leaders of the *ton*, that her native simplicity of mind and manners would not do for more than one season. As the lovely wild Irish girl, she was considered as no contemptible novelty to attract an assembly; and, as a matter of consequence, invitations poured in from all quarters, the principal portion of which her husband had the good sense to decline—reserving, however, a few whose friendship, though questionable, it was nevertheless necessary to cultivate; and thus the novelty-hunters found themselves foiled.

But another and more important change took place soon afterwards in the circumstances of Alicia; for even before the season was brought to a conclusion, the young earl was seized with



sudden illness in the House of Peers, and brought home more dead than alive. His disorder baffled the skill of the physicians, and was so rapid in its devastation, that at the expiration of a fortnight he breathed his last in the arms of his heart-broken lady ; and in another week, his crimson velvet-covered coffin was deposited in the family vault, by the side of that of his deceased father—a sad memorial of the mutability of human greatness, and a humbling lesson on the uncertainty of existence.

Thus, in a short time, the daughter of Sir Phelim O'Toole became a countess, though the title was not immediately taken, as it was by no means certain that there might not be another claimant. The question, however, was soon afterwards set at rest, and the newly-married couple took their appointed places amongst the nobility of the land.

For several months, Alicia (now Lady Gordon) felt herself supremely blest ; her husband was all that her fondest desires could wish ; the

widowed countess became a sister and a friend ; royal favours and smiles were bestowed upon her, for the king and queen had themselves but recently entered the wedded state, and perpetual sunshine seemed to settle on her head.

But the heart of the youthful countess was more adapted to domestic enjoyments than to the glittering circle at St. James's ; and though she knew herself to be the object of universal admiration, yet she shrunk from public gaze, and sighed for that delightful privacy which is so exquisitely precious to the innocent and artless mind. The earl, too, was now much oftener from her side ; and when she looked back at the happy moments which she had formerly enjoyed, when he was her devoted companion at Castle Toole, she ardently longed for a renewal of what was to her a season of indescribable bliss.

At first, business alone drew the young nobleman from his home and bride, for he had obtained a diplomatic appointment of some trust, and was diligent and attentive to its duties ; but

old associations were revived, the novelty of wedded life was wearing off, and other pleasures had their attractions, till he gradually yielded to their seductive influences, and the passions that had never been eradicated, progressively resumed their ascendancy over his mind and actions. Still Lady Gordon, though she deeply regretted his absence, was unconscious of there being any cause for complaint; he was kind, indulgent, and affectionate, almost to a fault. She had immense wealth at her disposal; luxuries of all kinds, and of every clime, awaited her commands; but yet she sighed for the unostentatious retirement of her native Irish home, and she longed to dispense the bounties with which heaven had been pleased to favour her, amongst the poor peasantry, who were constantly associated with the recollections of the parental roof.

But the time approached when she gave indications of becoming a mother, and for a season the earl's attentions were unremitting. Unfortu-

nately, however, a fall destroyed his expectations, and the disappointment seemed to work so considerable a change in his manners, that Lady Gordon could not but be fully sensible of it. Alas ! that there should be any of the female sex so devoid of principle as to take pleasure in withdrawing the affections from the wedded wife, though it rarely happens that they secure those affections for themselves. Yet such there are, and to the wily blandishments of a *danseuse* at the Opera House, the noble and talented Gordon became a victim.

Was he blameless in this ? Certainly not ; his conduct merited the severest reprehension, if not condemnation, for there was confiding and attached beauty in the person of his lovely wife, who based her earthly happiness upon the husband whom she almost worshipped ; and yet, whilst she stood in the pride of fancied security, he was undermining her peace ; whilst she thought herself the envy of those who suffered neglect from their partners, she was actually the

object of pity to those whose situation she commiserated.

Here, then, was ruin in full operation, to work its baneful and pernicious effects on one of the fairest and most innocent of God's creation. Happily it was long concealed from her, and it was not till the period advanced for the prospect of her again becoming a mother, that the astonishing facts burst upon her; and as the avalanche with impetuous force rolls its enormous weight upon its victims, so did the horrible conviction overwhelm her reason; and when, after many months, her intellect was restored, her heart was crushed and bowed down, never to feel the elasticity of hope again.

But the young countess knew and persevered in her duty as a wife, and ultimately the earl experienced remorse at being the cause of such intense suffering. He gave up his appointment, and retired to his beautiful seat in the country, determined, if possible, to redeem the past; for he had experienced what Solomon had pre-

viously discovered, that “all was vanity and vexation of spirit.” But the character which has been given of him in the early part of this chapter, on introducing him to the reader, was daily more and more exemplified; and though, at the expiration of six years from their union, the countess gave birth to a daughter, which detached him from many of his demoralizing pursuits, yet, like a wilful suicide, though he was surrounded by every thing which Providence had bestowed as blessings, he persisted in converting them into curses; and when his child had attained her fifth year, he sank into the grave, unwept and unregretted, leaving the countess a splendid fortune, but, in the case of her marrying, to revert to his daughter.

Lady Gordon was still beautiful, and numerous were the offers she received; but she declined them all, though one was backed by a ducal coronet. She preferred the quiet of retirement with her child, to all the fascinations of the world and the temptations of ambition. Her parents



still lived, and she visited them, gladdening their hearts, and dispensing her generous bounty to the poor ; but the principal portion of her time was passed in Kent, where she was universally beloved.

Her daughter grew the very counterpart of what her mother had been at the same age ; but, unhappily, manifesting at times a portion of her father's unamiable propensities. These the anxious parent endeavoured to eradicate ; and, as the maiden's years increased, the fond mother had the satisfaction to perceive the good results of patience and perseverance ; and she looked forward with pleasure, though not unmingled with anxiety, when her child would become the stay and prop of her declining life.

Inscrutable are the ways and decrees of Omnipotence ! The Creator seeth not as his creature seeth ; he giveth and he taketh away, and who shall arraign his immaculate wisdom ? The beautiful girl, highly accomplished, attained her sixteenth year, the pride of her mother's heart,

the delight of her mother's eyes. Young as she was, the royal sailor, Prince William Henry, then in his eighteenth year, was captivated more by the sweetness of her disposition than by her loveliness, and, in the frankness of his nature, he acknowledged his regard. But death!—death was busy. Subtle disease even then was preying upon her vitals; and in less than six months she was consigned to the cold tomb of her ancestors—another evidence of the frailty of human life!

For some time Lady Gordon was inconsolable, but religion came to her aid; she kissed the rod, and bent meekly to the stroke, consoling herself, as David of old did, “ Though she cannot return to me, yet I can go to her.”

And now the countess was at the residence of Mrs. Jones, to comfort her under the bereaving affliction she had also sustained; but so gratified was her ladyship with the appearance and behaviour of little Ellen, that she at once proposed to adopt her as her own—it would serve

to fill up the vacuum in her heart ; and the serjeant's wife was invited to accompany her.

The offer was promptly communicated to the monarch ; her majesty eagerly advised its acceptance ; every arrangement was speedily concluded ; and young Ellen ; assuming the maiden name of her benefactress, so as to prevent the prying curiosity of the domestics, was conveyed as a relation to Mendelshem Park—directions having been left at Weymouth, that should any intelligence be obtained of the lads, it was to be instantly forwarded to the noble-minded and generous countess.

## CHAPTER V.

How bright to the ardent lover's eye  
Is the moon in the heavens above,  
When summer winds wake the balmy sigh  
From flow'rs that heave their breasts on high,  
And woo the breeze to their wanton love ;  
But dearer to me is the roaring gale,  
The rolling sea, and the close-reef'd sail,  
In the craft with contraband.  
With pleasure we watch the signal flash,  
And then through the foamy breakers dash,  
And quickly our cargo land.

MS.

BUT to return to the two boys, Hamilton and Ned, whom we left spanking away over the clear waters in the lovely cutter, "Blue Bob," with all her reefs out, and squaresail and square-topsail set. She kept her course considerably to the southward of west, as if desirous of avoiding the English coast, and any straggling cruizer that might be creeping alongshore.

The Blue Bob was a fine craft of one hundred and twenty tons, manned with a crew of seventy men, and carrying fourteen six-pounders, though at this time they were not mounted. Her captain was a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, with the traces of strong passions marked upon a countenance that would otherwise have been handsome. He was nearly six feet in height, of muscular proportions, indicating great strength and power of limb. His curling hair clustered about his forehead, and above a pair of laughing eyes, that evidenced a love of good-humoured pleasantry ; but there was also at times a redness in their terrific glare that told a tale of lawless inclinations to horrible revenge, when fancy or reality whispered he was injured or insulted. To the rough, straightforward manners of the British seaman were superadded a considerable degree of French politeness, whilst his speech evidently betrayed that his birth-place had been Ireland.

The next in command was a short, thick-set

man, with a thick bull-neck, ferocious features, heightened in their repulsiveness by enormous whiskers, and fierce, sanguinary eyes, that seemed as if they would take pleasure in the sight of blood; he was every inch an Irishman of the worst breed. Junior to him was Peterson, a Guernsey man, who had passed much of his time in the three countries, England, Ireland, and France, his real name being Delcroix.

“It’s a mighty pity they missed the gal!” said the first mate, as he paced the deck with his commander, rejoicing in the breeze, “for it’s kill two birds with one stone we could, and the Baccah safe in his shoes—”

“To laugh at us for being fools, O’ Rafferty,” responded the commander, interrupting him. “But, what do you mean by being safe in his shoes?”

“Troth, an’ it’s small occasion ye have to ax me, Captain Feaghan, seeing as yer mightily in his confidence,” returned the other; “an’ there’s Teddy, too;—perhaps I dunna, and



perhaps I do. However, the gal's not to the fore—though he need not be towld that same—and what matter so as you get rid of two?"

"When I want your counsel, O'Rafferty, I'll ask you for it!" said the captain proudly, and looking down upon his second with a feeling that in any other situation would have prompted him to the bestowal of a hearty kick.

"Shure, an' yer welcome to it for all that," responded the pertinacious mate, without meaning, however, to be impertinent. "And when, captain, dear, do you propose to turn 'em adrift?"

"Turn who adrift?" inquired the superior, angrily, as he stopped short in his walk, and faced—no, he could not face—but looked down on the individual beneath him.

"Well, then, it's meself as is puzzled intirely, anyhow, Captain Feaghan," responded the man, taking no notice whatever of the hostile tone he had been addressed in. "You seemed to be acquaints with the whole consarn afore we

started, and now sorrow the know you knows about it, for 'turn who adrift?' axes you, and it 's turn the childer adrift, ses I."

"Villain!" muttered the captain between his compressed teeth. "His mind is ever gloating upon murder." He then added louder, "that larboard squarsel-earing is not close out. Go forud, Mr. O'Rafferty, and see that they bring it chock a block!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the mate, proceeding to obey, and mumbling as he walked forward, "hannimandhioul! and is it 'villain' you're after calling me? By the powers, Captain Feaghan, but it's me own eye that's upon you, and, long as you are, your race may be shortened, or I dunna—Rouse out this squarsel-earing, lads!"

The commander walked the deck, apparently much agitated. The mate did not return, but remained in conversation with some of the people near the windlass; but, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour the captain hailed him to

come aft, issued his orders to be called instantly should anything heave in sight, or change take place in the weather, and then went below. The children, with their little arms encircling each other's neck, were sweetly sleeping. The young seaman held the lamp above them, and gazed earnestly upon their features. "That rascal scents blood-money," murmured he; "but not a hair of either head shall be injured, as far as life goes, whilst I have power to prevent it;" he again suspended the lamp to the beam from which it swung, wrapped himself in a thick warm overall, and throwing himself along the cushioned lockers, was sound asleep in a moment.

Nothing material occurred till near daylight, when Ushant light showed itself just dipping on the verge of the horizon, and well open on the starboard-bow. The captain was immediately informed by Peterson (who had the watch), and after directing him to keep for the Passage du Four, between the island and the main, he

turned himself round, and again sunk into slumber. But this did not continue long; day burst forth with all its gorgeous splendour; the sun arose bright, and beautiful, and clear; he shook off his sloth with his covering, and in a few minutes was on deck, piloting his craft amongst those rocky islets that just show their heads above the water, like a fin-back spouting, as the waves lashed over them, and threw the feathery spray high in air.

Onward flew the beautiful vessel, cleaving the ocean as a swallow cleaves the sky, and playing with its own peculiar element. The breeze was still fresh at south-east—the cutter hugged the shore, almost shaving the rocks, which sometimes sent their froth flakes upon her decks; but there was an eye upon her course, to which the concealed bottom of the ocean was as familiar as its surface. The square-sails are taken in, the spread yard stowed, the sheets nicely trimmed, and a single reef hauled down in the mainsail, as she stands off dead upon a

wind. But now the water is comparatively smooth, though the rippling waves strike against her bows, and then dash off again in myriads of crystal gems. About she comes, her sails quivering as she flies into the wind, then gracefully bends upon the starboard tack, and rushes with impetuous haste towards the iron-bound shore. The breakers are a-head, —they are almost at her bowsprit end—a few fathoms further and the Blue Bob would be anatomized—but, hark! “Helm a lee!” and round she comes again, leaving the danger in her wake.

Oh, it is the seaman’s delight, thus to sport with his enemy, and prove the capabilities of his lively craft;—had she missed stays, her cruises would have terminated for ever; but the captain and the people smiled with pleasure at her ready obedience to command—her sails trembled for a mere instant, “the creatur could do anything but speak,” and away she bounded, disappointing the craggy barrier of its prey.

Thus plays the pintado bird round the nose of the greedy shark—just gliding above his head, and then soaring beyond the reach of his monstrous jaws.

A bold stretch they make of it this time, and in they stand again—St. Matthew's point is weathered, and thus they continue working to windward. The children are roused out and dressed—an ample breakfast is provided—Captain Feaghan eyes them with complacency in spite of his rough manners; the mate's look forbodes evil—it is sanguinary—but neither the one nor the other communicate their thoughts. Upon deck they go again, the boys delighted with their holiday, and playing with the large Newfoundland dog, Neptune, who seems to think by his gambols that the children were brought on board purposely for his amusement.

“There's a rock a-head, sir, a little open on the weather bow,” shouts one of the men from forward.

“Very well,” returned the captain, aloud, and



then muttered, "Its the Cock above water, close at it my boy," to the man at the helm; "we mustn't go to leeward of the Gallic cock at all events; luff you may lad, luff."

"Luff it is, sir," replied the helmsman, as he inclined the tiller almost imperceptibly to the lee-side; but the cutter felt even that slight deviation of her rudder, and she boldly sprang to the wind.

"You'll hardly weather it, sir," said Peterson, as he elevated himself upon the windlass; "it's dead a-head as ever it can be."

"I *will* go to windward of it, by ——!" returned the reckless man, "or Blue Bob shall see which is hardest. Mind your helm, lad; luff to the breeze."

A sudden puff heeled the vessel over, and her increased impetus seemed hurrying her to destruction; but the skilful helmsman again pressed the tiller to leeward, and the cutter once more sprang to it gallantly, opening the rock a short handspike's length on the lee-bow. The

puff was past, the sails were lifting, the rock was scarcely eighty fathoms distant, every eye was fixed upon it with breathless attention; yet there stood the reckless captain, apparently unconcerned. The cutter was dashing on, but the rock did not open away from her bows an inch: a few minutes would decide their fate, supposing the commander was foolhardy enough to risk their lives, and he manifested no indication of changing his declared purpose. The men gazed alternately from the captain to the foamy breakers—for both seemed mad, when down came the puff again; instant advantage was taken of it. “Give her the helm, boy!—luff you may!” shouted the captain. The order was promptly obeyed; the beautiful craft, as if conscious of her danger, tried to avoid it. There was now no space to go to leeward; their lee-bow was actually in the white foam of the recoiling waters. Had the wind dropped, it appeared as if her fate must then have been sealed; but the breeze held on. The rock was

abeam ; a biscuit might have been pitched from the deck on to its summit ; the vessel trembled, as if sensible of her situation ; another minute, and she was again in the clear blue water ; the Cock was weathered and passed, and the laughing captain resuming his walk, exclaimed : “ I knew Blue Bob could do it, or else he made fire-wood of. I was never mistaken yet.”

Had Feaghan no motive for this ? The mysterious communings of the men, the reverential look with which they eye their commander—the demoniac curl of contempt upon the mate’s lip indicate that he had ; and his own fearless glance of pride which he threw around him, evidenced that his purpose had been fully accomplished. He had calculated upon that which the others had not, a strong weather-tide, and the promptitude of the cutter in answering her helm. The people, fond of the marvellous, and influenced by superstition, attributed their safety to some superhuman power possessed by their daring chief.

“There’s an English man-of-war brig, with her colours flying, in Bertheaume roads, sir,” shouted Peterson from forward.

“Clear away the ensign-halliards at the peak, and hoist ours,” was Feaghan’s response.

“What flag are we to show, sir,” inquired Peterson in an under-tone, as he came aft to the tafferaill, where the captain was executing his own orders.

“Dutch, Peterson — Dutch, by all manner of means,” returned his smiling commander. “Show ’em the stern and steady Van Tromp; our Irish lads will easily pass for Hollanders if you keep ’em clear of the whiskey.”

Up went the Dutch ensign, blowing out gaily from the gaff-end. The cutter made a long reach into Bertheaume roads, and then stood out again towards those numerous black rocks which stretch out a mile or two from the Camaret land, leaving, however, a narrow passage between them and the shore. But she does not approach them; the entrance to Brest

is well opened ; the castle on its craggy basis is well in sight ; the tide is running in like a sluice ; the dangerous Mingon in mid-channel is passed ; the Gullet is gained ; the town, as if running down a hill, is in full view ; preparations are made for bringing up ; the jib and gaff-topsail are taken in ; the tack of the mainsail is triced up ; the foresail halliards are let go, and the rattling hanks descend the stay as the canvas falls in folds below : the helm is clapped hard down ; the cutter shoots up head to wind ; the buoy is streamed ; the vessel has lost her way ; the anchor is let go ; the range of the cable smokes out of the hawse-hole as she drops astern ; a proper scope is given, and Blue Bob is proudly and saucily riding in the midst of the navy of France, and in one of the finest and safest ports in Europe.

Captain Feaghan received the officer on guard with phlegmatic politeness, invited him to partake of some excellent schiedam, and kept up a rather long conversation in French (the

officer not understanding *Dutch*), and soon after his departure the commander went ashore.

“Well, my boy,” said Peterson to one of the children who stood by himself, whilst the other, full of life and glee, was racing with the noble dog along the deck; “well, my boy, and what is your name?”

“Ned Jones,” replied the lad, somewhat morosely eyeing the inquirer; “and I want to go back to my mother.”

“But your brother doesn’t want to go back,” said Peterson, “and I suppose he loves his mother as much as you do?”

“He’s not my brother; and he’s got no mother to go back to,” responded the boy. “Hammy’s happy anywhere, so that he’s not put in a passion.”

“And then, I dare say, he’s a very terrible fellow,” returned the other. “But, what is his name, if he’s not your brother?”

“I told you his name was Hammy,” rejoined Ned; “he never had any other except what the gentleman gave him.”



“And, pray what was that which the gentleman gave him?” inquired Peterson.

“You’re mighty inquisitive, Musther Petherson!” said the chief mate, who had overheard the conversation. “Maybe Captain Feaghan, and them as I know, wouldn’t throuble themselves to thank you for it.”

Peterson gave his superior a peculiar look of defiance, whilst his tongue was curbed by deferential respect for the other’s rank. “I am merely speaking to them, Mr. O’Rafferty,” said he; “but I can discontinue that, if it is your desire.”

“By no manes in life,” returned the mate, as he scowled upon the Guernseyman; “let ’em have a merry time, as their hours are numbered.”

Peterson, though he heard the last remark, took no direct notice of it; but stopping Hamilton as he ran aft with the dog, he asked, “Well, Hammy, and do you like Neptune?”

“That I do,” replied the laughing boy; “he

is so good-tempered. And, I like you ; but I don't like him," pointing to the mate, "he looks so ill-natured and cross."

"An maybe there's more thruth in that than you think for, ye brat !" uttered O'Rafferty, with a ferocious look of anger at the boy. "Small blame to you for finding out that I'm not a sae-sick girl, though but little's the experience you have yet had as to the fact. And," turning to Ned, "don't you take a fancy to like me, eather !"

"I should like you," returned Ned, "if you wouldn't speak so rough and angry, and if you would take me back to my mother."

"Oh, never mind, Ned," exclaimed Hamilton, throwing his arm round his companion's neck. "We shall soon go back, and then what a fine story we shall have to tell nurse and Ellen ; but I should like to take Neptune with me," and his other arm was entwined round the shaggy neck of the fondling animal.

"Ay, ay, my darlin'," said the mate, "ye'll

just go back when the cows come home; and that'll be niver, maybe." The boys looked ruefully on hearing this declaration. "Its meself as knows how many blue beans make five atwixt the skipper, an' one who shall be nameless. Five hunder's five hunder all the world over, barring that it's more in Ireland than any where else. An it's Mr. Morgan O'Rafferty here to the fore, as manes to have his share of it, anyhow; for, dead or alive, sorrow the scurragh of it can he touch without my sartificate that both on 'em are disposed of."

"You are making very strange allusions," said Peterson; "and, though they are in some measure enigmatical to me, yet they might hereafter be construed into certain admissions if repeated to any one else."

"Oh, don't mintion it — niggermatical are they?" rejoined the mate. "Well, then, it's meself as doesn't care a dudeen o' baccy about it; the money's mine, and some of it will come to you, safe enough."

“I know nothing of what you are hinting at,” said Peterson sternly. “I have obeyed orders, as in duty bound, and I respect Captain Feaghan, who has on all occasions behaved extremely well to me.”

“Exstramely well, no doubt on it,” growled the mate; “an’ the divel may swear him to his good behaviour. But it’s small disthance that I’d trust him with five hunder pounds, and part of it in my own pocket — that is, ought to be as Morgan O’Rafferty’s share.”

“The children will remain uninjured by the captain, I’m very confident, if your allusions point at them,” said Peterson, warmly; “he wouldn’t hurt a hair of their heads.”

“Whisht, ye know-nothing! arrah, whisht!” uttered the other, in a tone of ridicule and contempt. “Vestment oaths are not owld songs, or custom-house swearing. I say it must and shall be done!”

“What?” exclaimed Peterson, with sudden

vehemence, and looking his superior full in the face. "What must and shall be done?"

"Catch a weasel asleep, ye omadhaum!" returned the mate in anger. "How long have ye been a father-confessor? an afore the deed's done, too!"

"Come, come, Mr. O'Rafferty, there can be no good in our quarrelling upon such a subject," said Peterson, good-humouredly desiring to put an end to the dispute. "I'm certain, notwithstanding all you have said, that it is not in your nature to hurt or do harm to such innocents."

"An them so fond of me, too," bitterly responded the mate. "You forgot that, Petherson!" He turned to Ned, who had remained unmoved, though Hamilton had resumed his play. "An so you don't like the looks of me, eh?"

"No, I don't," boldly answered the boy; "I like Neptune better," and he clung round the

neck of the fine animal, who wagged his bushy tail, and looked the picture of delight."

"Out o' that, ye baste!" exclaimed the mate, giving the dog a brutal kick. "Go forud, sir! an you to be prefarred before a Christian?"

The creature gave a short moaning howl of complaint, looked in the brute's face, and then, hanging down his head, and dropping his tail, he promptly obeyed. Ned's face crimsoned with passion; Peterson seemed vexed; but Hamilton, who had been making Neptune fetch and carry a boat's-tiller that he had picked up about the decks, and still held it in his hand, struck the mate as sharp a blow as his strength would admit across the shins. "You're a baste yourself," said he, "and that's for you!"

"Hannimandhioul!" shrieked the mate with the acuteness of the pain; and catching up the youngster who had caused it, with a sudden fling he precipitated him into the sea, before Peterson, who seemed instantly aware of his intent, could seize



hold of him to prevent it. A shrill piercing cry of terror and anguish rang wildly in the air as the body descended into the yielding waters. Peterson, in the emergency of the moment, had grappled with the mate, who turned upon him with desperate fury, so that he could not disengage himself to leap to the rescue of the child; and there the mates struggled, whilst the people thronged the sides, and gazed upon the catastrophe. But, though O'Rafferty was the stoutest and the strongest man, yet Peterson had superior skill and science. He pressed firmly against his antagonist, apparently to throw him backwards. The mate sternly and powerfully resisted, when in an instant Peterson yielded, and sprang back, and his murderous opponent—overbalanced by his own pressure, which, instead of meeting resistance, was accelerated forward—lay stretched upon the deck.

“Jump in the boat—save the boy—for the love of Heaven, save him,” shouted Peterson, as he ran to the tafferrail and beheld the dog Nep-

tune paddling up astern with the child clinging to his neck, whilst he held his head above water by retaining the lad's curly hair in his mouth. Neptune had, in fact, witnessed the whole transaction ; he heard the plunge as Hamilton fell heavily into the stream, and with one bound he cleared the gangway rails, and swam to the rescue of his little playmate. The boat shoved off—both were picked up and brought on board—the boy scarcely sensible—the animal, shaking his rough coat, seemed delighted with the approbation he received, frequently ran to the side and to the stern, and looked over upon the rippling tide to see if there was further occasion for his services.

The mate had been somewhat stunned by his fall, and, though almost immediately raised up by some of the men, he did not recover entire consciousness till Hamilton and his preserver had been brought back in safety, and then, with that startling revival of energy which pugilists at times evince when all hopes of their coming

to the scratch are gone, he sprang up from his recumbent position—reeled a pace or two—gave a peculiar kind of howl that drew together in an instant all the wild Irish amongst the crew—caught hold of a handspike, and, with maddened rage, prepared to rush upon the man who had done him so much dishonour. Nor was Peterson wholly unsupported, for several of the people, execrating the conduct of the mate, and expecting that his fury would prompt him to some infernal deed, had come aft and rallied round the second officer with a determination to protect him. Amongst these was old Graves, the boatswain, a native of Folkstone in Kent, a man of dauntless courage when it was called into action—a thorough cutter and lugger seaman (for he had never sailed in any other craft)—intrepid in the midst of danger—a very devil in the way of his profession—yet at other times as harmless and as playful as a junior school-boy.

“Muster Rapartee,” exclaimed the boat-

swain, "I'll thank you to keep the peace, sir ; and you—(to the Irish backers of the mate)—you conger-eaters, away forud every soul of you, and don't come athwart the hawse of owld Tom Graves !"

"To the devil I pitch 'em," shouted the mate, who stood a little before the starboard gangway, making ready with his barbarians for a desperate rush on the opposing party, who, with Peterson and Tom Graves at their head, had assembled on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, having an open hatchway and a skylight intervening between them and the expected assailants. "Huroosh !" again shouted the mate, and was answered with a similar cry from his adherents, as they flourished their weapons above their heads and bounded from the deck. "Your sows to glory, have at 'em, then," added he, and with one spring he cleared the hatchway to cope with Peterson, but was instantly knocked back again, and tumbled down below by a blow from Captain Feaghan.

“Down—down, ye scoundrels,” exclaimed the young commander, as he laid on them without mercy ; “is this the way my authority is respected ? my property taken care of ? Down, ye villains. Graves, Peterson, heave the rascals overboard !”

The mysterious appearance of their captain at so critical a moment, and the summary punishment he had inflicted on the mate, at once decided the affair ; the men slunk quickly away below, the decks were speedily cleared, contusions and broken heads were dressed, and Peterson related to his commander the events that had occurred.

The boys had been taken below directly Hamilton had returned on board, and, by the exertions of the steward, the latter was now quite revived, though still labouring under great alarm. Neptune received sundry friendly intimations of his master’s approval, and followed him into the cabin, where he laid himself quietly down at the feet of the terrified boys.

But Feaghan spoke kindly to them, and produced toys and cakes from his pockets, as also a quantity he had brought in the boat. Novelty and amusement soon drove away remembrance of the past; they were encouraged to play, and, with Neptune to assist them, they were not long before they were again enjoying themselves in all the thoughtless mirth of childhood.

“A boat from the French frigate, sir,” said Peterson at the cabin door, and Captain Feaghan immediately ascended to the deck, of which an officer and a party of armed men had taken possession.

“Are you in want of help, captain?” inquired the lieutenant: “we saw symptoms of mutiny, and are now ready to tender assistance.”

“It was an affair of but little moment,” returned the captain of the cutter; “a mere quarrel, and was quelled the instant I came aboard. But,” and he bowed with well-affected elegance, “a word or two from you, monsieur,



might have a sensible effect upon them. Shall I order the fellows on deck ?”

“ You do me too much honour,” said the officer, returning the salutation with compound interest. “ Do they understand the French language ? In that case I will speak to them.”

“ Most of them do, monsieur,” replied Feaghan, “ and those who do not shall have it translated to them.” He turned to Peterson, and commanded him to “ send every soul on deck directly.”

The order was promptly obeyed ; the men came sneaking from below, and ranged themselves abaft, many displaying bandaged heads ; and, as soon as Graves had made his report, the officer mounted the skylight and called the marines to his side. Feaghan beckoned to Teddy, and in a whisper requested him to translate the French lieutenant’s speech into pure Irish. Teddy stared for a moment, as not a word of French did he know anything about ; but a wink from his commander and a word or

two from Peterson (who felt really alarmed lest the reckless humour of his captain should be seen through by the Frenchman) put him up to the thing, and he took his station. The following speech was then delivered, and progressively translated :—

“Gentlemen, citizens,—or, I beg pardon, subjects of the King of Holland,” exclaimed the officer, throwing out his right foot and giving a graceful flourish with his hand.

“You tundering thaves o’ the world, as loves whiskey and Hollands,” roared Teddy, imitating the actions of his principal.

OFFICER.—“Obedience to superiors and tranquillity amongst yourselves are, as you must well know, essential to the well-being of every community, great or small.”

TEDDY.—“May the divel fetch every mother’s son of you as ever says of your chief, ‘black’s the white of his eye.’”

OFFICER.—“Standing here as I do, the representative of *la Grande Monarque* (here he

took off an enormous cocked hat, and made a reverential bow), and supported by his invincible navy, I should be doing nothing more than my duty were I to send you all to *prison*."

TEDDY.—"You brute bastes, as makes no more of a paceable craft than you would of *Noah's Ark*," (here Teddy took off his hat and bowed)—"bad manners to every sowl of you as desarnes to be sent double ironed to *Dublin jail*."

OFFICER.—"In consideration, however, of the intercession of your captain, I shall not at this time proceed to extremity; but should you offend again whilst in the port of Brest, you must expect no mercy to be shown you, but be executed for mutineers."

Captain Feaghan whispered to the lieutenant, who whispered to the sergeant of marines, who whispered to the corporal, and so on till it passed along the line.

TEDDY.—"Its hanging's too good for such a set of rascallion mutineers; but if you don't promise never to do so again, and down on your

marrow-bones and cry for mercy, I'll shoot every sowl of you, like dead dogs."

Feaghan waved his hand—there was a rattling of muskets amongst that terrible-looking band of moustachioed marines—they brought their firelocks to the recover—to the present, and down dropped "the boys" on their knees, jabbering for mercy. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and Peterson felt the utmost difficulty to refrain from laughing, whilst Feaghan, who inwardly enjoyed the sport, preserved the gravity of a judge. But even his countenance was sadly tried, when just at this eventful crisis Neptune came bounding up the companion-ladder with an immense counsellor's wig (which the children had found in one of the lockers) tied upon his head, and, placing himself in front of the kneeling men, he raised himself erect and began to beg.

"Pauvre bête," exclaimed the lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders, "c'est nature, monsieur;" and then, laughingly, added, "il est

un chien de mer. Fort bien, vous avez mon pardon."

"Send them below, Teddy," whispered Feaghan, and then, waving his hand, the marines came to the recover and shouldered arms.

"The officer of the King of France forgives you," said Teddy, "in consideration of your counsellor; so jump below, ye rapparees, and make small stowage o' yourselves."

A second bidding was not required; the decks were cleared in an instant. Peterson removed the wig from the dog's head, whilst his master complimented the lieutenant on his eloquence, and begged his acceptance of a silver snuff-box as a memorial of his esteem. The marines were treated to some good Hollands gin, and they all parted the best friends in the world.

O'Rafferty in his fall had dislocated his shoulder; he was conveyed to his bed, in a little state room on the larboard side of the cabin, to the great terror of the children, who

dreaded being in his neighbourhood, and were permitted to go on deck, where, with Neptune dressed up in the old wig and the playthings brought from the shore, all painful recollections were soon subdued.

“A fine day’s work you’ve made of it, Mister O’Rafferty,” said the captain, as he seated himself on the lockers abaft in the cabin. “And well licked you’ve got for your pains. Will you never leave the brandy alone? must you be continually burning up your liver and muddling what little brains you have with liquor? Suppose you had drowned the boy? a pretty figure-head that of your’s would have looked carved off by the axe of the guillotine. You would have belonged to another sort of cutter then.”

“You may make your sport of them as is down, Captain Feaghan,” groaned the mate; “but I want the doctor, so I’ll thank you to send me ashore, sir, where I can —”

“Play me some scurvy thrick or other, eh, O’Rafferty?” said the captain, interrupting him.



“No, no—I shall be off in the morning, and then, if you still wish to remain, I can put you on board the frigate; they have a skilful surgeon, and you will be well taken care of there.”

This was uttered in an off-hand, careless sort of way, so that an uninitiated listener might have construed the offer into a manifestation of kindness. But not so the mate; the words were scarcely uttered when he vociferated, “For the love of Christ, Captain Feaghan, don’t do that—the French frigate! Then, by the seven crosses, they’d make a Dutchman of me whether or no, and she going to sail round the world to the Aste Ingees!”

“I left it to your own choice, Mr O’Rafferty,” returned the captain, quietly, but at the same time fully sensible that his hint had taken due effect, the frigate being in want of hands, and the officers not over scrupulous in the manner of obtaining them, as few good seamen would volunteer for so long a voyage—to the French settlements in the East-Indies. “I do not want

to send you away, but as you wish for excellent surgical care —”

“Oh, ‘oh!” groaned the mate, “the Lord save us from harme; I’m all obadience, Captain Feaghan, and sick and sorry I am for offending yer—why?”

“The infernal old hypocrite!” muttered the captain to himself, and then uttered audibly, “Now, O’Rafferty, you talk like a sensible man; the surgeon shall come on board to you and splice your timber—that is, if there’s no necessity for docking it;” (the mate uttered a deep groan), “and then, when the anchor’s a trip in the morning, we’ll have a shore boat ready to land you, should it be required, or should you feel so inclined.”

“Two boats alongside with goods, sir,” said Peterson, at the cabin door; “there’s wet and dry, sir.”

“Very well,” returned the captain, “tell Graves to clear the hold and take in, and set a gang to mount and fit the guns as they’re

hoisted up ; I shall be on deck directly. And now, Mr O'Rafferty," continued he to the mate as he took hold of a tumbler of grog the steward presented him with, " I shall leave you to your meditations—here's wishing you a speedy restoration to health, and a better mind to enjoy it." He swallowed the grog, and ascended to the deck.

Here all was activity and bustle ; on the larboard side laid a boat filled with four-gallon casks, whose staves were beautifully white, and every cask was already slung with nicely fitted slings, leaving sufficient becket in the middle for a good stout fist. To hand these in and stow them away in the hold occupied very little time, and no sooner was one boat cleared than another supplied her place, and this continued for several hours ; every cask that was handed in being connected with a long line in the main tier by means of a piece of three-inch rope, to each end of which a heavy weight and a small grapnel was attached, for the purpose of secur-

ing them in a known position, should they be compelled in a storm, or by any other untoward event, to throw them overboard. In this work Tom Graves was in his glory ; his eye seemed to measure the stowage with all the accuracy of a two-foot rule ; he knew the exact space required for every cask, and the precise spot in which it ought to be placed. Carefully did he examine every pair of slings, and with his own hands did he raft them together by secure seizings, every now and then swallowing a dram from a tub, the head of which had been purposely knocked in. On the starboard side, two or three boats succeeded each other, being laden with small bales, that Peterson took under his charge and stowed away abaft and forward, each bale, like the casks, being carefully slung, and of just sufficient weight for two to be carried by one man. The cutter had plenty of hands, and, as every one was actively employed, by evening the cargo was completed ; the guns were mounted, and a surgeon having seen to the

injuries O'Rafferty had sustained, Feaghan determined at once to put to sea. He settled his affairs ashore whilst the mainsail was being hoisted and the cable heaved in. The merry song of the seamen rung through the harbour as they sweated up the jib purchase. The captain returned on board—the anchor was weighed, and Blue Bob, gracefully making his best bow to the “invincible navy” of “*la grande Monarque*,” rattled past Point d’Espagnol, and, hugging the weather shore till he had cleared the Fillets, up went the square sails, the sheets were eased off, and away he went nearly dead before it for the outside of Ushant.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Go along—go along, Bob.”

It was a beautiful autumnal evening—the red glare of the setting sun still lingered in the west, whilst over the land to the eastward night had already commenced its reign, though the dark craggy ridges were clearly distinguishable, standing out in bold relief from the lighter sky. The breeze was fresh—the rippling tide, now again flowing in, set strongly against the cutter, and, being adverse to the wind, a short sea, bubbling and breaking and tossing its many-pointed crests in mimic fury, dashed against her bows or washed along her bends, as, pressed beneath her canvas, she breasted the opposing current. High on her



starboard hand did the roaring breakers foam over the "black rocks," and distinctly visible was the milk-white surge that rose loftily in the air, as if lashing the uneven surface into greater rage.

The cutter's commander stood leaning against the companion, apparently looking at the tumult of those ever-restless waters; but there was an air of abstraction and a deep shade of melancholy on his handsome countenance. The watch had been called, the decks were all clear, and every rope coiled down in its proper place, ready in a moment for the least emergency. Look-outs were stationed at each cat-head—the man at the helm watched the alterations of the compass with a seaman's eye, whilst Tom Graves, with untiring zeal, paced to-and-fro, fully sensible of the importance of his charge as officer on duty, for Peterson had turned in. The boatswain, however, took no notice of his commander, who remained undisturbed and unmoved, though the rocks were passed, St. Mat-

thew's tower lost sight of, and Ushant light opened broad away on the starboard bow.

It was, indeed, a lovely night, warm yet clear, and overhead the stars, in all their brilliancy and splendour, spoke of other systems and of other worlds, as in harmonious order they shone with their own unborrowed lustre—a book of nature, whose glorious page was constantly unfolded to the study of the unlettered seaman. This is the period for meditation; the eye as well as the mind has ample scope to range around where sky and ocean meet in one vast circle, whose line is clearly defined by the horizon. On land, even from the summit of the loftiest mountain, there is something to break the curve and give an idea of terrestrial distance beyond it; but, upon the wide waters, to find yourself the centre of an immense circumference which is everywhere united, and to witness the rising, meridian altitude, and declension of the heavenly bodies in the immensity of space—oh, this—this it is that assures us, that though man

is fearfully and wonderfully made, yet the mechanism of the human frame is as nothing compared with that stupendous machinery which rolls the globe in its diurnal motion, and whirls it with such amazing rapidity through its annual revolution round its primary. It is from the vessel's deck that these thoughts are cherished with a true feeling of the sublime and a conviction of the truth

Was Captain Feaghan thus occupied?—who can read the human heart? Yet there he still remained till Ushant light, from a beam, shone vividly down on the cutter's sails, giving them an unnatural and spectral appearance. No one broke in upon his moody reveries; the steward had several times approached him, but, struck by the fixedness of his gaze, had again retreated. Tom Graves, in issuing the necessary orders, spoke in a subdued tone; the men silently contemplated the strangeness of their chief, and huddled together to give vent to their imagination in whispers; there was no whistle-

ing of the wind, for the vessel was yielding to its power; all that broke the stillness was the wash of waters as she ploughed the furrowed course, and threw aside the waves that rose to impede her way.

Midnight arrived, and Feaghan retained his position unmoved and apparently immoveable; the other watch was called, but he gave no heed to it. Peterson relieved the boatswain, and they conversed together in an under-tone at the gangway, as the veteran Graves directed attention to the captain. Ushant light drew away upon the quarter, diminishing to an insignificant size, and a clear horizon was before them. Suddenly the captain started. "Who touched me?" he exclaimed, with wildness in his manner as he glared around him, but no one was near; he looked down, and crouching at his feet saw his faithful dog, who had rubbed against his master's hand. "Thou art a kind friend, Nep," said he; "thou hast aroused me from a fearful dream," and he shuddered, as if recol-

lecting some imminent peril from which he had just recoiled. The animal rose up and fondled the man whose voice was the voice of kindness. "Good creature," continued Feaghan, patting his bushy neck, "I understand your meaning, and will attend to it;" he then inquired, in a louder voice, "Who has the watch?"

"It is I, sir—Peterson," replied the Guernseyman, as he approached and stood respectfully before his commander.

"How's this—I thought 'twas Graves who had the first watch," said Feaghan; "Ay, ay, I recollect it now—say no more. Peterson, you acted with insubordination to-day in striking the mate; and yet I cannot blame you, but still the affair must not be suffered to go further. The enterprize on which we are engaged is a lawless and a desperate one, and it will not do to make an enemy of one whom our own interests tells us it is best to keep as a friend. O'Rafferty is in a considerable degree useful to

us ; he knows all the coves and bays along the coast better than any other man on board, as well as every cave and mountain pass on shore. I know them too, but we cannot always act together, nor is it possible for me to be in more places than one. Besides, there is a certain bond between us which cannot well be dissevered, or else we had parted long ago, for I detest his murderous propensities. It will personally oblige me, Peterson, if you will think no more about your quarrel with O'Rafferty ; and if he extends his hand, give yours in return." Peterson was about to speak ; but Feaghan interrupted him. " I know what you would say—those children are not safe if left to his barbarous nature ; yet, Peterson, both I and O'Rafferty are under solemn engagements to destroy them, at least one of them, since the girl has escaped." The second mate started, and gave his chief a look of horror ; but he did not seem to heed it, for he went on. " That fool would execute the com-



mission to the very letter—not in compliance with his oath, for he would swear any thing, but to satisfy his wolfish appetite for human slaughter. And what would be the result? The hunch-backed villain who employed us would at all times have our lives and destinies within his power. The deed once done, he would laugh at our claim for the reward, and threaten us with the law as murderers. How stands it now? I have his secret—O’Rafferty has not: the boy alive, and there is a sword constantly suspended over him, so that fear of disclosure will bend him to my every purpose; he has hitherto been my employer—but now I become his master. Do you comprehend me?”

“I do not know the secret, sir,” replied Peterson; “but I think I understand the drift of your meaning.”

“Ay, ay, ’tis clear enough,” rejoined the captain; “the secret must rest with me till——we are better acquainted, Peterson. Remember, sir, I have spoken to you in confidence; there

must be no betrayal. Good night, Peterson; let there be a good look-out and steady steering—the course for the present, nor-nor-west; set Ushant light before it disappears. We have thirty leagues to run before we shall make Scilly; and as she is slipping through it at least seven knots, with an increasing breeze—— But what is the use of present calculation?—“Come, Nep.” He patted the dog’s head, and commenced his descent.—“Call me, Peterson, should any thing occur; you will find me on the lockers. And, Peterson, think of what I have said; let us have no animosity; seamen, and especially seamen in our service, should be above it. Good night!”

Daylight broke upon them as they came within the fair-way of the British Channel. The breeze had freshened, and there was a misty haze upon the waters, although the sky above was clear. The watch was again relieved; Peterson, in resigning charge, pointed out to Graves several strangers that were in sight, and, with canvas

packed upon them from the deck to the trucks, they were running with the wind on their larboard quarters, and making the best of their speed in their outward-bound voyage. There was a schooner on the lee bow, close-hauled on the starboard tack, crossing the cutter's course. He saw nothing, however, as he said, "either to suspect or to fear."

Old Tom inspected his sails, to see if they were nicely trimmed, occasionally passing a few words with Teddy, and then tried to make out the strangers through his glass. "That's a Smyrnamun," said he, looking at a brig with squarer yards than usual in merchant vessels; "she's well manned and armed against them thieves o' pirates, the Algerines; a valuable cargo she'll bring back, if so be as she escapes. Yon's an Ingeemun," directing his glass to a large ship, whose bright sides and painted ports were clearly defined as the light of the morning broke upon them; "she'll be for China, to fetch home sowshong and hyson, and gunpowder to

blow up the women-kind. . And that is," looking at a smaller ship, whose well varnished sheer glistened as the rising sun appeared above the horizon, "that is a Southseamun, going on a whaling voyage, with light goods for the fur trade, and hard shot for them as interferes with him. And there bowls a sober Dutchman for Saint Ubes; and yonder goes a West Ingeemun, to bring back sugar for the Chinamun's tea, and some rum for the ladies;—and," directing his attention to the schooner, that had now opened a little out on the cutter's starboard bow,—“and that is—eh! let me see.” His gaze became intently fixed for a minute; he then walked forward and steadied his glass on the bulwark, as he renewed his earnest look for a longer period. “That is,” said he, suddenly springing up and slapping his hand upon his thigh, —“then I’m blow’d if it arn’t the Spider!”

Without a moment's delay, Graves descended to the cabin, and aroused his commander. One touch was sufficient; he sprang from the lockers

as the boatswain exclaimed, "Spider in sight, sir!"

"Kill it then," returned the captain; "we're no fly to be caught in its web." He rubbed his eyes. "Oh! daylight, eh? What's the news, Graves?"

"Muster Anderson's crossing our hawse in the Spider, sir," returned the boatswain; "and though he makes believe not to see us, he's too many owld hands aboard not to know the cut of our jib."

"If he's ahead, Graves, you must be aware that we are end-on to him," returned the commander; "and it's no easy task to make out the identity of a craft under such circumstances."

"I don't calculate much about 'dentity," sir," responded Tom; "but I'm thinking he can make out the *dent* he made in our square topsel last run, though it be well patched with my own palm and needle."

"What tack is he on, Graves?" inquired Feaghan. "But never mind; jump on deck,

old boy, and I'll be alongside of you in an instant." He reseated himself as the boatswain disappeared. "That d—d fellow, Anderson, has already crowed and used his spurs; but I must clip his wings," ruminated the captain. "If I shorten sail and haul to the wind, I know I can beat him dead in four or five hours; if I run, he sails nearly as well as the cutter, going free, and an unlucky shot may carry away a spar, so as to bring us fairly alongside of each other." He paused. "And what then? He carries fourteen guns—and so do I; his men will fight for prize-money—mine, with a hangman's noose before their eyes. It will not do to work back; we must try our luck." He ascended to the deck.

"There she is, sir," said Graves, directing the attention of the captain to the schooner, that, notwithstanding the stiff breeze, was making but slow progress through the water.

Feaghan raised the glass to his eye; one moment's look served to convince him. "It



is the Spider, Graves; turn the hands out directly."

The Spider, a man-of-war schooner, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, who had rendered himself remarkable, and even dreaded, by his active hostility against smugglers, was dragging on under a press of canvas, though making but little headway, apparently regardless of the cutter, or any thing except standing in for the Land's End. This, however, did not deceive Feaghan, who was well assured that he was both seen and known; and the schooner, by some practical manœuvre, was deadening her way, so as to draw him down. "Starboard, lad!" said he to the steersman; "keep her away another point, and mind your helm.—Trim sails, Mr. Peterson; and every man to his station; see all clear for jibeing."

The alteration in the course was not unobserved by the schooner, who edged a little off the wind for a few minutes, and then wore short round on the opposite tack. "The fool!" said

Feaghan, "does he fancy that I'm asleep?—Steward, give the men a dram.—Teddy, bend on the Dutch ensign abaft.—Graves, see your guns all clear, and don't be sparing of the shot, sir. These fellows will be knocking holes in some of the tubs; but we'll try their metal and rate of sailing for all that. You know the Spider well; can Bob spare her any canvas?"

Old Tom deliberated for a few seconds, and then, with a knowing look, replied, "I think he might, sir; but, if I may be so bowld as to speak my mind, I'd bother him."

"It would be worth a trial, Graves," said the captain; "but Anderson is too clear-headed to be easily taken in. Our cargo is too valuable to be played with; yet I will not haul my wind."

"Even if you were so determined, it would be running out of one fire into another, sir," said Paterson, who had been scanning the horizon astern; "there's the man-of-war brig, that was in Bertheaume Roads, away on the

weather quarter, and a signal from the schooner would bring her down."

"There it goes, then," said Feaghan, as a wreath of smoke curled for a few seconds amongst the Spider's sails, and the report of a gun came faintly on the ear; "if he does not see the signal, I think the sound will hardly reach him right in the wind's eye."

"But he does see it, sir," exclaimed Peterson; "he's bearing up; his yards are squared; they're rigging out the studdensel-booms. But a stern-chace is a long chace, and so he'll find it."

"Right, Peterson," returned the commander; "he does not at present give me a moment's concern. Now then! see all clear for shortening sail; but keep every thing ready to crack on her again the moment I give the word. There must be no delay—no hesitation. Send a couple of hands aloft, as if to take in the topsel; get another pull at the jib-purchase, and secure it to the mast-head by the chain.—Graves, quick with half-a-dozen men, to clear away these

stern-ports; and the aftmost guns must be shifted into them directly the helm is put up. Ay, ay, there comes a shot, dancing across the water.—Steward!” (the man approached), “see to the children, and put them in a place of safety with the dog. Hoist Van Tromp abaft, and stand by, my boys.”

The vessels were now rapidly nearing each other—the schooner, on the larboard tack, obliquely crossing the cutter’s fore-foot, and firing her larboard bow-guns without effect. The position was favourable to the former, for the cutter was nearly dead before it; and a slight variation in her course to starboard would have rendered it necessary to jibe, which Feaghán appeared desirous of avoiding; whilst, if he hauled more up to port, his lee-guns would be so low, that he would not be able to bring them to bear. Still every moment became more and more precious; they were nearly within hail.—“Port, lad—port!” said Feaghán; “gather in the main-sheet abaft; shorten sail.”

Down came the squaresail; the topsail fluttered in the breeze, and was gathered in folds upon the yard. The vessel, obedient to her helm, wore round to the starboard tack, flew up to meet the wind, and her canvas lifted as she closed with it; whilst Feaghan, with a countenance on which was produced cool determination mingled with anxiety, kept his eye keenly fixed upon his opponent. "That's a tub of Nantes in Father Fogarty's pocket!" said he, rubbing his hands with eager delight, as he saw the schooner on his lee bow heave about; and no sooner was she head to wind, than his voice, though low, was distinctly heard fore-and-aft by his ready men, "Make sail, lads; hard up with the helm, and meet her in time; sway away forud. Hurrah! my boys—well behaved! we've done the old 'un like sons of thunder."

The lively vessel responded to control, and again flew off before it, though not with the same rapidity as that in which she had luffed up; and this brought the adversaries almost

within jumping-distance of each other. The squaresail and topsail were again spread, as if by the effects of a magician's wand; the schooner had not yet gathered way, when Blue Bob passed close under her stern, pouring in a raking broadside, and making every shot tell as it swept her decks. "Mind your helm, lad," exclaimed Feaghan; "steer her small; there—steady, so; nor-nor-west again. Well-behaved with those stern-guns, my boys! He ran aft to render some aid, and beheld the commander of the schooner standing at his own lee-gangway. Immediately, he sprang upon the taffrail; his hat was raised, and he saluted the lieutenant with a mock gravity that was inimitable. A volley from the marines was the response; but Feaghan looked proudly around him, as he retained his position apparently uninjured. In a minute or two he descended from his exposed situation; his step was firm; his look was undaunted; not a feature of his face betrayed the slightest suffering or pain; but, calling the



second-mate to his side, he said in a half-whisper, "That's all one gets for being over-civil, Peterson; those infernal rascals have riddled me! I have three balls in or through my body; how many more, I know not. But whatever happens, Peterson, should the command devolve on you, do not give her away. There—take no notice of what I have said. Steady, boy—steady! Get a pull of the main-guy there, forud. Keep the mainsel from lifting by the lee, my man. The schooner is paying off! Tom—Tom Graves, try the range of those stern-chasers; take a steady aim, and expend some of his gear—a yard or a topmast; King George has plenty more in his dock-yards."

The lieutenant of the schooner was greatly enraged at finding himself outwitted, and, for the moment, his anger deprived him of that cool judgment which is so requisite in cases of emergency. But this soon vanished; sail was made upon the Spider, and she endeavoured to keep upon the cutter's quarter, so as to bring her

bow-gun to bear. The Blue Bob, however, had got nearly two cables' length start of the schooner, and, as their rate of sailing was about equal, they kept up their relative distance with scarcely any alteration. Old Tom had several times pitched the iron at the Spider, and the holes in her sails plainly indicated that his aim was good, though no spar had as yet been touched. On the other hand, the cutter's canvas was something like Paddy's main-lug, when, in a squall, he cut a piece out of the middle to let the wind blow through: there were not a few ribands flying away, for the schooner's bow-gun was cleverly performing its duty.

"Had you not better go below, sir?" said Peterson to his commander; "the blood is running down your fingers; let me see if I can do any thing for you."

"Thank you, Peterson—thank you," returned Feaghan; "gun-shot wounds seldom bleed much. There's a fellow in the thick part of my arm, brought up all standing, pretty close

to the bone, I think ;” and he shewed the hole in his rough jacket through which the ball had passed. “ The visit of another was only momentary—he gave me a hint just here,” pointing to the fleshy muscles an inch or two above the hip-bone ; “ and, as I perceive, by the sally-port he’s made abaft, he was in too much of a hurry to stop—the place gives me great pain ; but really I haven’t time to think about it. The third is in my thigh ; so that, you see, there is no great danger.—Steady, boy ; mind your helm, and be d—— to you !” He turned round in anger ; the steersman was stretched upon the deck a corpse, a shot having literally smashed his head to atoms.

Peterson ran to the tiller, and immediately rectified the deviation which this fatal occurrence had caused in the cutter’s course ; and though the whole had passed in a very short time, yet it enabled the schooner to gain upon the chase. “ Poor Miller !” said Feaghan, looking at the fallen man, and throwing a boat’s sail over the

quivering body, "you've had no lingering pains, any how.—See to your gun, Tom Graves!" shouted he, with vehemence; "all this noise made, and so little work done.—Hark!" (a cheer came down upon the breeze); "the fellows are laughing at you. There goes that infernal bow-gun again!" (a crash was heard aloft)—"and, by ——! they've knocked away our topmast."

A stern expression of revengeful feelings passed over the features of Captain Feaghan, as he saw the shattered stump of his mast just above the cap, both square-topsail and gaff-topsail hanging down before the squaresail. Another loud cheer came from the schooner; and there were some dastard hearts in the Blue Bob that began to quake under the fear of capture. Not so with the captain—not so with the mates. O'Rafferty had listened to the firing undisturbed; he had been aware that more than one or two lives had been lost, yet it produced but little excitement in his breast; but when he

heard the crashing of the spars, and became aware that the vessel which he loved was injured, he immediately left his bed, and, though with only his trowsers on, he ascended the companion at the very instant that the shouts of the Spider's crew came down upon the blast.

“Your sowls to blazes,” roared the mate, as he ran aft to the chase gun, which had just been reloaded; “let a clear eye and a steady hand come. Out o’ that, Tom Graves, and give me the match; he’s coming up with us hand over hand.”

And so the schooner was, for the breeze had increased to little short of a gale, and the cutter soon felt the loss of her canvas—the squaresail had been rent by the falling mast, and the Spider, ploughing the boiling foam that roared and hissed under her bows, was carrying on and rapidly diminishing their distance, so that there seemed no alternative but to fight or surrender. It often happens, however, that a fresh eye along the sight of a gun will do more in one

minute than the practice of a previous hour, and such was the case now. O'Rafferty, with scarcely an effort, just watched the rise of the cutter's stern, then ranged his rapid scrutiny from the muzzle of the six-pounder towards the Spider; the match was applied with the rapidity of lightning; the smoke abaft obscured his immediate sight, but a shout from forward told him execution had been done, and the exclamation, "His foreyard's gone right in the slings!" informed him of the extent. The schooner's squaresail and topsail were rendered useless, and they were once more placed upon something like an equality in the progress which they made, though Blue Bob enjoyed a small advantage.

"Bear a hand, lads,—up with the spare topmast," shouted Feaghan; "get out the small squaresel and shift it. Look smart, my boys,—aloft, and show those man-of-war's men what clever topmen you'd make. Try your range again, O'Rafferty; the Spider's cook will thank you for a supply of chips."



O'Rafferty did try, but without avail, except to cut away a rope or two, and work daylight through his sails. Tom Graves was busily employed getting the spare topmast rigged; and, in a space of time that would seem almost incredible, both topsails were again set, and Blue Bob was walking off from the Spider almost two foot to one. But the royal cruiser was not idle; the foreyard was shifted, and once more, under a cloud of canvas, she held her own with the cutter. Firing had ceased for some time, when above the haze, which had greatly thickened on the surface of the water, St. Agnes lighthouse showed itself a conspicuous object to direct their course—it bore north-north-east, or pretty well open on the starboard bow.

Captain Feaghan had permitted Peterson to see to his wounds; that in the side was roughly dressed, the ball extracted from the thigh, but that in the arm could not be moved. The children and Neptune were released from their confinement, and a substantial meal set out in

the cabin. All traces of animosity had subsided between the mates, for the Spider had reunited them by a bond which admitted of no errors or mistakes.

“We shall have a gale before sun down,” said Feaghan, as he seated himself at the table and pulled the chair of Hamilton close to his side.

“Don’t you think the cutter is pressed now, sir,” said Peterson, in a tone of deferential inquiry.

“Not yet — not yet,” returned the commander, “though it certainly will be wise to ease our lofty spars before long. Blue Bob will tell us when his head’s too low, depend upon it. We’ve a long run yet, and, if nothing crosses us, shall make the Cape about daybreak tomorrow. Well, Hammy, and are you frightened?”

“No!” replied the boy; “only I don’t like to be shut down in a dark place. Why didn’t you let me come up to see you fight?”

“And did you want to come up too, Ned?” said the captain; “did you want to see us fight?”

“No,” responded Ned, “I don’t like fighting, no more don’t Neptune; he crouched down in the corner every time you fired the cannons.”

“Ah, Nep’s a coward,” said Hamilton boldly; “he was afraid of being shot, and yet he’s a dear good dog in the water. Are you going to fight again?”

“That must depend upon others and not upon me,” answered Feaghan, as he helped the children to food.

“And what did they fight you for?” inquired Ned. “What had you done to them to make them try and kill you?”

“Why, my boy, we’ve a commission from the Pope of Rome to freight ourselves with parish churches if we can hoist them aboard,” replied the captain; “but as we’ve no stowage for the steeples, we are obliged to content ourselves with a cargo of holy-stones and hand-bibles.”

“And did they want to take them from you?” asked Hammy, in the innocency of his heart.

“They did, my boy,” replied Feaghan; “but you know it would be wicked to part with the property of the priesthood—we mustn’t make enemies of the parsons.”

“There’s a cutter retching out from under the land, sir,” said Tom Graves, as he stood hat in hand at the cabin door; “and to my thinking, sir, she looks very much like the —”

“Dolphin!” exclaimed the captain, hurriedly interrupting him. “Oh, there can be no doubt about it; when a fellow’s luck is down upon him he never gets it singly. Has the schooner caught sight of him yet?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Graves, “the Spider sees him, and is trying to do a bit of talking with his flags.”

“Then, my boy,” said Feaghan, turning to Hamilton, “we *shall* have another fight, for we mustn’t lose the holy-stones and the hand-bibles. What distance is she, Tom?”

"It's getting very thick, sir, so as to make a man somewhat dubersome about distances," replied the boatswain; "but I should take him to be not more than three mile."

"And broad away on the starboard bow, Graves, I think you said," observed the captain, as if working some mental calculation.

"I didn't say as much, sir," answered the boatswain, "but that's whereabouts she is."

"Then we shall beat him without the help of the guns, Tom," said Feaghan. "Keep her off another point, nor-west and by north, old boy, and a couple of good hands at the tiller. Have the men finished their grub yet?"

"Almost, sir," answered Graves, as he turned to depart. "But I think, Captain Feaghan, the cutter's overpressed. Poor thing, she tries to go faster, but the canvas shoves her nose under, and she can hardly lift it again. One can hear her groan."

"Very well, Tom, I'll see to it presently," returned Feaghan, smiling, "Bear a hand up,

old boy—remember, nor-west and by north, and steady hands at the tiller.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” responded the veteran, and, closing the door of the cabin, he reascended to the deck.

“ Hold on, good spars !” exclaimed the captain, looking up the skylight. “ That’s a pretty stick that topmast, it bends like a coach-whip. And so, Peterson, we have two of our oldest friends close at hand, full of eager desire to assist in discharging our cargo. We’re clear of the schooner this bout, though I dare say Anderson is chuckling with glee under the hope that the Dolphin’s guns will disable me ; and so they may, but that’s the chance, and I’ve run worse hazards than this,—ay, under a frigate’s bows, and laughed the wind out of ’em—I haven’t time to tell you now. Anderson thinks he has me snug enough, and certainly there’s nothing very flattering in our prospects. But I will teach the fool another lesson if he has not had sufficient for one day, should I come along-



side of him. I have a small reckoning placed to his account—a kind of *pledge* for his *three balls* that——But eat, youngsters, eat; you must go in the hole again for a short time, and take care of Nep.”

“ Oh, let me go and see you fight,” said Hamilton, eagerly; “ indeed, I wo’n’t get in anybody’s way.”

“ No, no, Hammy,” answered Feaghan, “ you must not go upon deck; who can tell but you may take it into your head to be trying to stop the shot?”

“ Indeed, indeed I won’t,” responded Hamilton, with eagerness; “ I won’t stop one shot, if you’ll only let me be by your side.”

Feaghan eyed the boy for an instant; but Hamilton manifested no want of decision.—“ Look here,” said he, baring his arm, and showing his shirt saturated with blood even through the bandages; “ and here !” he pointed to the deeply-stained dressings on his side. “ You see, my fine fellow, I have been stopping

the shot, and that's what they've done for me."

Hamilton said no more, and Ned sickened and shuddered at the spectacle; whilst Neptune placed his fore-paws on his master's knees, gazed wistfully in his face, and gave a short howl. Feaghan patted his head, rose from the table, and went on deck.

The alteration in the cutter's course had brought the schooner nearly astern, and opened out a wider space for the Dolphin from the Blue Bob's bows. But the revenue vessel had also bore up and made sail, running on a parallel line with the craft she was desirous of catching; yet was the wind so awkward, that there was no possibility of getting nearer without jibeing; and that was a work of peril, as well as delay. It is true, the revenue cutter sometimes yawed to port, to diminish the distance between them; but it was evidently the cause of her losing ground, and it was discontinued. In the mean time Blue Bob was steered with such nicety,

that though the seas toppled and ranged along her sides, not one broke upon her deck.

“ This cannot last much longer, Tom,” said Feaghan, addressing the boatswain ; “ the sea is getting up, and the gale is increasing.” He looked astern. “ Ha, ha ! the Spider is drawing in his legs ; he has got enough of it ; where’s the glass ?” Graves presented one to his commander. “ Reefing his topsel, and double-reefing his mainsel ! Good-bye, old Spider ; I’m out of your claws this voyage, at all events. —Where’s the brig ?” He looked towards the place where she had last been seen. “ Not in sight. —And now, Mr. Dolphin ? Well-behaved, my lads—following the example of the schooner ! Have all hands ready at their stations, Graves, and see every thing clear for shortening sail on the instant. I’ll try my canvas a little longer.”

The Dolphin, a revenue cutter, stationed off the Scilly Isles, was well aware of the character of the Blue Bob ; and such was the deadly feeling of hostility between the crews that, had they

come alongside, sanguinary indeed would have been the conflict. The time occupied in reducing sail in the other two vessels gave Feaghan a decided advantage, as he evidently gained upon his enemies; and, notwithstanding the rolling motion of the cutter and the pain of his wounds, he stood balancing himself by the companion, and whistling snatches of Irish songs. Old Tom frequently looked at him with a restless and uneasy eye, but did not speak, though he seemed almost bursting with desire to say something. At last, addressing himself to the second-mate, he said, in an under-tone, but loud enough to reach the captain's ears, "Would you be good enough, Muster Peterson, just to make bould to ax the skipper to leave off piping that devil's delight. Any one may see as we've got quite wind enough, without wanting a cap-full more, and the poor thing already strained beyond her nat'ral bearing."

"And so, Tom, you think it is bad luck to

whistle, do you?" said the captain, who had overheard his remarks.

"No, sir, not bad luck," replied the boatswain; "but, if you 'tices the breeze, it's sure to come, and, with the cloth we've got abroad, another breath would make the sticks chatter. The lower-mast-head is wringing now, and that topmast wouldn't hould much more strain. The other craft are making snug—"

"And we are leaving them fast, in consequence," argued Feaghan. "But there is a squall coming astern, Tom; is every thing clear? By Jove, the schooner's got it! Stand by there, forud!"

Far as the eye could reach astern, there seemed to be a white foam arising through the dim haze, and spreading into wider expansion as it approached. The curling tops of the seas were not to be distinguished from the smoother surface, and there was a blackness hovering over all that contrasted fearfully with the milky hue

of the rolling waves. The schooner had carried on to the last moment, and then every thing was let go ; her topsail flew from the yard, and passed away ahead, like a cloud borne on the fleet wings of the wind ; and her jib, exposed to the fury of the blast, on the sudden lowering of the squaresail split into ribands, and fluttered in mockery of their efforts to haul it down.

“ In sail ! ” shouted Feaghan ; and in a few minutes the Blue Bob was running almost under a bare pole ; for the squaresails were taken in, the gaff-topsail stowed at the mast-head, the mainsail lowered, and the boom shifted to the lee-quarter, ready for reefing the sail. Down came the squall, scattering the spray over the decks like a shower of hail-stones. The vessel reeled for several minutes, as if in affright at the war of elements ; every plank in her quivered ; her mast shook like a reed, and the ocean around her seemed to smoke with the friction of her sides, as she rushed on in her headlong course. But all was snugly housed—not a rope-yarn was



started ; and though Tom Graves did exclaim, “ Poor thing!—how she trembles!” yet the lovely sea-boat rode buoyant over the billows, like a duck at play ; the mainsail was double-reefed—the foresail set, and there was scarcely a wet jacket amongst the crew.

## CHAPTER VII.

The tar delights on the skies to gaze,  
When the breeze is fresh and free,  
And the heavens are clear from cloud or haze,  
Whilst the stars in their brilliant glory blaze,  
Or dance on the deep blue sea :  
More precious to me is the thickening gloom,  
Though silent and dark as the dreary tomb.

OVER the wild waters bounded the lively vessels—the pursuers and the pursued. The haze grew more and more dense as the shades of evening were closing in around them. The schooner was barely visible astern—the Dolphin was now broad away on the starboard quarter ; but both of their commanders were well acquainted with the probable destination of Blue Bob, and, should no other vessel appear to intercept his

progress, yet still they cherished the hope that, by carrying on, they might keep sufficiently near the chase to prevent the landing of the cargo, or to seize it if landed.

Feaghan was aware of this; his well-practised mind embraced all the difficulties of his situation; he knew that he might haul his wind, and escape his enemies—but then they would get the start of him, and he would have no chance of running his crop, as the whole coast would be alarmed. To continue on, however, was a hazardous experiment, and could only be warranted by his accurate knowledge of the several coves and inlets, where, for a short time at least, he could lie undiscovered and undisturbed. The alternative was desperate; but he determined upon trying it.

The mainsail had been treble-reefed, the bowsprit reduced, the topmast struck, and every thing was made snug, as night—a dreary, tempestuous night—enveloped them in darkness. Rolling sheets of foam was around them below; and

above this a thick mist encircled the vessel in its gloomy shroud ; yet myriads of bright gems sent forth their sparkling effulgence through the dim vapour, and the track of the cutter was gloriously lighted with dazzling splendour, as if she had been ploughing up diamonds. The Spider and the Dolphin were no longer to be seen ; the watch on deck were huddled together ; Peterson had the charge, and might well be trusted. But Feaghan would not go below ; his eye was every where, but chiefly upon the compass-card, to observe that the steersman kept her steady in her course.

“ This is *rough* work, as the monkey said when the bear hugged him,” uttered the captain to his second-mate ; “ but I’ve been in greater straits before now. We shall not be able to see the land till it is close aboard of us, and perhaps not till we feel it. The Fastnet may be a more fatal web than that which the Spider would have wove for us ; and the Cape will be any thing clear to-night. We’ll keep her another point to

the westward, Peterson, and try for Mizen Head."

"Very well, sir," replied the subordinate; and he immediately carried into effect the orders of his superior.

"I like such nights as these, Peterson," said the captain, as they stood together by the companion; "they seem to accord with the natural feelings of my heart, so as to arouse every latent energy. I could not sleep, nor do I feel the slightest indication of weariness or want of rest. My wounds are rather troublesome, yet I scarcely give them a thought, so powerfully is my mind pre-occupied—steady, boy; steer her small—and yet, strange as it may appear, it is at these moments that remembrances of my early years are the most vivid—for, whilst looking on the dark haze as it rolls its mysterious forms along the gale, I seem as if holding converse with those who are tenants of the tomb."

"I know but little of such feelings, sir," returned Peterson, who, in his unsophisticated

nature, experienced a degree of awe whilst listening to the language of his commander.

“ For my part, I can see nothing but the haze which shuts out the sky, and the sea as it generally looks in a gale of wind.”

“ I could almost wish it were so with me,” continued Feaghan; “ and yet there is a sort of delightful witchery in such reveries, though I must confess that at times they produce enervation.—But hark!” exclaimed he with vehemence, “ can you not fancy there are voices on the breeze; and is it not gratifying to suppose that the spirits of departed friends are hovering in the mist to bear you on in safety?”

“ I hear nothing, sir, but the whistling of the wind through the blocks, as the Dutchman said, when he’d only half a sheave at his mast-head,” returned Peterson; “ and as for spirits, I know of none but what’s in the hold.”

The sea rose higher and higher as it gained a longer range, till it became extremely hazardous to keep before it. Sometimes the waves would



run fearfully high above the vessel's stern, as if about to bury her beneath its mountain weight ; and, had their curling summits broke over them, none would have escaped an ocean-grave. But the buoyant vessel lifted herself lightly as the swelling billows seemed to approach ; and then her taff-rail was thrown high in air, whilst her bowsprit pointed into the very heart of the next wave, as if she was about to rush headlong into it.

Thus passed the night till daylight came. The haze was still thick ; and as the sun arose, it assumed a red and angry hue that was sickening to the sight. Not a vessel could be seen, and still the cutter was flying over those raging waters, like a bird that sported in the spray, and just descended to wet its wings. Morning advanced, and, by Feaghan's directions, the steward brought the children upon deck. Ned shrank back in terror, and cried out when he beheld the sublime but fearful spectacle presented by elemental commotion. Hamilton clung to the steward in wonder, but there was no semblance

of fear ; he looked upon the ocean as something to excite admiration—not alarm ; and Feaghan watched them both with an intensity which could only have had its origin in mental speculation. “ Are you not afraid ? ” inquired he, addressing the youngest of the boys.

“ No,” answered Hamilton, “ I am not afraid—for Nep is playing in it ; ” and he pointed to the dog, who was ranging the lee-scuppers as the seas toppled over, to catch at any thing that might be floating.

“ Will you be a sailor, my boy ? ” exclaimed Feaghan, as he observed with pleasure the undaunted look of the child.

“ I should like to be with you and Neptune, and go and see Ellen sometimes,” responded Hamilton.

“ And what do you say, youngster,” addressing Ned, “ should you like to be a sailor ? ”

“ I want to go to my mother, sir,” answered the boy, dejectedly ; “ but still I should like to be with Hammy.”

“ We’ll be sailors, Ned !” exclaimed his juvenile companion, laughing, “ and I’ll be the captain.”

“ I love to see ambition even in a child,” said Feaghan ; “ but take them below, steward, and see them well secured—we shall not be so quiet presently if I have any instinct in my nature.” The children disappeared. “ Peterson, she will not bear this mainsel if we are compelled to haul our wind—let the reefed tryse be set in its place, and get out the storm jib.”

The orders had been scarcely obeyed, when “ Breakers a-head !” was shouted from forward, and a dark mass with the breakers dashing over it was dimly seen rising out of the gloom at no great distance from them. “ Port, lad, port !” hallooed Feaghan, “ trim sails !” and every one was instantly on the alert ; but such was the velocity of the cutter that she was in the back-set from the rock before she cleared it, and a few fathoms further their fate would have been

sealed for ever—as it was, there was sufficient to appal the stoutest mind.

The cutter in coming to the wind shipped a tremendous broken sea that swept her decks, and carried off every thing that was not well secured. Whilst running before it, the fury of the storm was but little more than witnessed; it was only when opposing the fierce gale that its strength was fully felt.

“Breakers on the lee-bow!” was again shouted, and once more the threatened danger was barely avoided by wearing the cutter round, for it would have been madness to attempt tacking in that heavy sea. The sweet craft behaved with becoming alacrity, and the men apostrophized her as a thing of life. Proudly she laboured to climb the mountain waves, and then carefully descended into the watery valley, as if fearful of straining her timbers.

“There is no land to be seen, Peterson,” said the captain, and human ingenuity is at fault to recollect this spot. I know of but one

like it, but we can hardly have made good the distance."

Once more the shout arose from forward, but it was more alarming and embarrassing than before. "Breakers on the lee-bow!" was followed by "Breakers on the weather-bow!" and immediately afterwards "Breakers right ahead!" the cutter was rushing into the very midst, for a glance from Feaghan showed him a long range of raging foam right under his lee. "Ready about!" he uttered in a voice that mingled wildly with the winds, and every man was at his post. "Down with the helm, lad! —there's a lull—helm's a lee!" The beautiful vessel rolled over the advancing wave as she flew up in the wind; but the next deadened her way before she could be brought round; there was a fearful moment of breathless suspense as the people watched her motions, but this was succeeded by a horrible certainty: she tended the wrong way, there was not room to wear, and inevitable destruction stared them

in the face. A long line of breakers, through which the dark and craggy reef occasionally showed itself, was dead under their lee—the cutter could not hope to escape—blank despair sat on every countenance, and even Feaghan had lost his usual self-confidence and command—as death, a dreadful death, seemed to await him.

But with the captain this was only momentary. He quickly but intently cast his eyes along the reef. The cutter was, as before, upon the larboard tack, gathering way a-head; and a few minutes—only a few minutes—were left to call for mercy, as their fate appeared to be decided. Up rose a wild cry—a shriek—but there was a voice that was heard above it all, as it shouted—“Hould your divil’s skreeking, there, for’ard: every man to his station. Clear away the anchor!” It came from the helmsman; and there stood O’Rafferty, who, with a desperate recklessness, had forced the tiller to windward, as if to hasten on the melancholy catastrophe that was to precede their dis-



solution. Away flew the cutter's head from the wind, and dashed onwards to the reef. Feaghan caught the intentions of his mate, for baffled memory had resumed its power, and hurrying to the stem, he mounted on the bowsprit, and clung to the stay, as if in expectation of being saved upon the mast when it should fall. The men looked on aghast—they were in the very midst of the white foam—a tremendous sea had lifted them up, and as the vessel rushed down again, they expected she would strike; but she still continued floating through the hoary froth, as the dashing spray flew past them, and the breakers were “curling their monstrous heads on either side.”

“Starboard!” shouted Feaghan, and was responded to by the mate. “Steady! steady! so, meet her!” exclaimed the captain; and “Steady!—meet her it is!” answered O’Rafferty. The cutter seemed to be in the midst of boiling water, but the heavy rolling sea was no longer felt. “Port, lad—port you may;”

uttered Feaghan, at the top of his voice, and "Port it is," equally vociferous, was the reply of the mate. Then came the "Steady, steady!" from forward, and the "Steady it is!" from abaft. The element beneath them still hissed and undulated in convulsive agitation; but it was smooth compared with what they had just left; and in a few minutes, by skilful steering, they had passed through the danger. The land rose upon their sight, and was promptly recognised; and in the course of another half-hour the cutter was riding to her anchor in a snug cove, completely shut in from the howling gale, except when the heavy puffs came whirling down the mountains that rose in majestic grandeur all around them.

"O'Rafferty, your hand," said Captain Feaghan; "let us be friends: we cannot afford to be enemies."

"And you not to know the Hen and Chickens!" said the mate, reproachfully, as he extended his hand; "but its bothered you was,

and so would meself have been entirely, had I been in your place."

"I *was* bothered, O'Rafferty, and that's the fact," replied the captain; "the thick weather and the broken water deceived me—or rather, I feared to be deceived, and so was averse to throw a chance away. But how comes it that you knew the spot in an instant?"

"Aisy enough: 'case I dthramed about it," answered the mate; "and waked out of my sleep by the hullaballoo as they made; for it was all in my dthrame; I bundled upon deck, and found it thrue. I saw the channel directly, and clapped the helm up"—

"At the very moment I caught sight of it," said the captain; "and here we are snug enough from storms, and Dolphins, and Spiders, and the whole devil's set of them. And now for working the crop; we must have it all ashore in a brace of shindeys. We couldn't have hit it better if we had had a clear sky and fine weather. Information must be given to

the lads. Dennis sees us by this time, and the boyeen is away up the mountain. Will you go ashore, O'Rafferty, and let the docther see to your hurts !”

“ The docther ?” repeated the mate ; “ well, then, its meself as will go to him, as soon as the vessel's clear. But there is something else, Captain Feaghan, as I'd speak a word about.”

“ The children, you mean,” returned Feaghan, carelessly, though his eye was fixed with intense interest on the face of his subordinate ; “ they shall be taken care of.”

“ It's not exactly that, Captain Feaghan,” responded O'Rafferty, with well-affected diffidence, as he inclined his look upon the deck.

“ Oh, d'ye mean the reward ?” said Feaghan, assuming an indifference. “ Leave the settling of that to me, O'Rafferty. You know, Peterson becomes entitled to a share ; but the question is, what we'll get, since the girl was not thrapped. The baccah is close-fisted ; but if

you'll leave it to me, I'll squeeze the whole of it out of him."

"I'd lave it with all the pleasure in life, Captain Feaghan, only why,—the hunchback's not the fellow to pay for work as hasn't been done," argued the mate.

"That's precisely what I say," urged the captain. "We've only secured the boy, and the baccah will want to get off with half the money. I know him well."

"And the boy to the fore," uttered the mate, looking in the face of his chief, with a peculiar expression.

"Ay, and the boy to the fore, O'Rafferty—and shall be to the fore!" exclaimed Feaghan, warmly. "If we're to steer different courses, well and good. Take yours, and I'll take mine. If we're to sail in company, then we must both keep upon the same tack. Make your choice."

"Nade's must when the divil dthrives," re-

turned the mate, in a tone of ill-repressed dissatisfaction. "Arrah, captain, is it honour bright, now?"

Feaghan gave him a fierce scowl of contempt as he replied—"And who is it that dare doubt me—you?" He turned upon his heel, and walked away.

"Bad luck to that same, an' he's angry now," muttered O'Rafferty; and then in a louder tone, he exclaimed, "arrah, captain, dear, have it your own way." But either Feaghan did not hear, or hearing, paid no attention to it.

The cove, or basin, in which the cutter lay was nearly oval in shape; about half a mile across the middle, and about three quarters of a mile in length. It was so completely shut in from the sea, that none but a well-practised eye could detect the entrance. The shore was formed of huge masses of craggy rock, that seemed at different periods to have been detached and hurled from the summit or sides of the moun-



tains by a convulsion of nature, and rolling down to the base, had become fixed in strange, uncouth, and fantastic figures. There was scarcely any appearance of vegetation, and no visible place for human habitation ; though the light blue smoke, curling in misty wreaths, contrasted with the blackness of the background, gave proof that, either in huts or caverns, man had found a shelter.

Before the sails had well been stowed, a light boat, resembling in shape a washing-tub, or a sauce-tureen afloat, shot out, or rather bowled out from between two rocks ; and a man paddled it along over the swell, that, notwithstanding the enclosed nature of the cove, continued to run in from the sea. He came alongside, and a conversation took place in Irish, between him and Teddy. A warp was carried out from the cutter to a part of the shore where the fallen rock presented a sort of platform, or quay. The man returned, taking Teddy with him. The boats were got in readiness, and the cargo

was discharged into them, and landed upon the platform.

About noon a gentlemanly-looking man made his appearance, and was soon afterwards followed by nearly a hundred wild, rough beings, whose jargon grated on the ear. They were, however, remarkably fine-looking men. The first operation was to broach a cask of brandy, which the gentleman, who acted as agent in the transaction, served out to them.

“ You have made a capital run, Captain Feaghan,” said he ; “ and when the goods are housed the profits cannot be a ha’penny less than twelve thousand pounds—you must be making a fortune.”

“ But I’ve an Irish purse, Mr. Driscoll,” returned the captain, laughing ; “ there’s three holes in it. One in the middle to put the money in, and one in each end, where it slips out again, so you see there’s two to one against me. The Spider and Dolphin were after me coming across, and no doubt are somewhere on the coast, though

may be its too thick to see 'em. Is Mister Cornelius well?"

"In health, never better," replied the agent; "but," shaking his head, and laying his hand upon his breast, "there's something wrong here."

"That's his own affair," rejoined the captain, with seeming indifference; "does he know of my arrival?"

"I sent immediately to inform him," replied Mr. Jerry Driscoll, "and [no doubt he will either come, or you will hear from him. I had my directions beforehand, as he thought you would not be long, though he did not expect you quite so soon."

The business of landing the cargo was carried on rapidly, for every man assisted as if for life or death: nor was Neptune idle, for with a delighted activity he lifted a bale or a tub at a time, and with the utmost care deposited it with the rest in a large cavern of peculiar construction. A low archway, under which the sea flowed, so as to entirely conceal the entrance at half-tide,

opened into a spacious vaulted apartment, the floor being at all times under water with sufficient depth, even at the lowest ebb, for a small boat. At the far end was a fissure between the rocks, and either nature had wrought, or art had constructed to imitate the vagaries of nature, several steep and rugged steps, which, being ascended, a hole about three feet and a half in height, and two feet in width presented itself; but the surface was on an inclined plane sloping inwards, so as to be entirely concealed from persons below. This hole descended obliquely into another large room high above the level of the sea, and here it was that the cargo was deposited, every tub and bale having to be raised to the aperture in the outer cavern, and the cutter having been hauled in nearer to the platform to facilitate the operation, which was superintended by O'Rafferty in person.

Towards evening a communication was made to Captain Feaghan by a messenger who had crossed the mountain, appointing him to be at

a certain place as soon as the sun had gone down, for the purpose of meeting his employer.

The light of the day had not departed when the cutter was pronounced cleared, and preparations were instantly made for going to sea, whilst at the same time no means were neglected to ensure a well-organized defence, should there be any occasion for it, and men were stationed in the different passes of the mountain, to give immediate notice of any approaching danger.

O'Rafferty was still on shore, when Captain Feaghan, after confiding the children to the especial care of the second mate, and leaving orders as to what was to be done with the cutter, in case of surprise during his absence, landed on the platform, and with his faithful animal proceeded up the mountain. The gale had done homage to the setting sun, and subsided into a gentle breeze; the sky was no longer obscured by the thick haze—for the face of the heavens was beautifully clear, and its myriads

of glories shone forth in their fullest lustre. There was, however, a chilliness of atmosphere as the captain continued to ascend; and he drew his rough overall tighter about him.

Half an hour's quick walk brought him to a small hut, constructed in the rudest manner; it stood in a sequestered nook on an exalted eminence, commanding a most extensive view to seaward and along the coast. The roof was made of rough rafters from the branches of trees that had never been barked, and these were laid across a chasm between two rocks—the space below forming the apartment—the back and sides being the rough stone of the mountain.

Lightly treading, so as to make no noise, Feaghan approached the door, and listened; but all was as silent as the grave. He was then cautiously receding; but a low growl from Neptune arrested his steps, and, throwing back his overall, he grasped the butt of a pistol, and the click of the lock echoed amongst the cavities of the rock.



“ Open hands, and not concealed arms, should be the greeting for friends, Captain Feaghan,” uttered a voice plaintively harmonious and musical.

“ There’s scarcely any telling friends from foes by this light,” returned the captain, “ especially when they’re not to be seen. The voice, however, is enough for me this time, and there’s one whose ear is more delicate than mine rests satisfied.”

“ Fidelity in all things is excellent,” continued the voice in the same pleasing tone; “ I will be with you directly.”

In a few minutes, a strange uncouth figure stood before Feaghan, wrapped up in a cloak that concealed his person except the upper parts. In height, he was not more than four feet six, but bulky, with a very large head sunk in between his shoulders, as if destitute of neck; a slouched, broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his features. “ I’m pleased to see you, Captain Feaghan,” said the dwarf, whose

well-attuned accents proved him to be the individual that had addressed the commander of the cutter—"very pleased to see you. Your voyage has been quick and successful—the cargo safe—the vessel ready for sea again—eh?"

"Precisely as you say, Mister Cornelius," responded the captain; "and Driscoll tells me the profits—"

"Never mind Jeremiah and the prophets," said the dwarf, who had been styled Mr. Cornelius, as he laughed at his own joke; "I shall not forget your zealous services, Captain Feaghan. But the night air is cold—Michael is on the watch—let us in to the cottage, and stir up the embers of the fire."

They pushed open the door, and entered this cheerless abode; the ashes of a turf and wood fire glowed as the sudden draft passed over them, and, some remnants being collected, there was soon a cheerful blaze. The dwarf threw off his cloak; and then, though elegantly dressed, his full deformity became apparent. He was hump-

backed—his throat swelled out before, as if his neck was unable to sustain the weight of his enormous head, and the latter rested entirely on the shoulders—his legs were short and thick—his arms long and stout ; and his whole frame, though unnatural to look upon, manifested possession of great physical strength. His features were far from ugly ; he had a fine high open forehead, over which his jet-black hair hung in bushy clusters ; and his eyes were restless and piercing, as they seemed to flash with the blaze from the revived flame.

“ And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan ?” inquired the dwarf, as he held his delicately white but large hands over the blazing turf, that shed its light around this wretched habitation. An old chest stood in one corner ; in another was a sort of wooden frame, on which was spread a quantity of straw covered over with two or three blankets. The trunk of a tree, sawed into three several compartments, served for seats ; and there was a scanty supply of

culinary utensils, There was no fire-place—the fire being made upon the rocky floor in such parts as fancy or circumstances decreed, and was kept together by pieces of misshapen stone arranged round three sides of it—the smoke escaping where best it could. “And what news may you have, Captain Feaghan?” said the dwarf.

“There’s but little stirring in the world, Mister Cornelius, but what comes to your knowledge,” answered the captain: “the revenue chased us in; and your friend, Mr. Anderson, was close at our heels.”

“He is off Mizen Head,” returned the dwarf; “and what was the revenue craft you fell in with?”

“The Dolphin; but he’s not much used to this coast,” replied Feaghan—“though, I believe, he has some of the bay boys on board of him.”

“I have not heard of his being seen,” observed the dwarf; “and as the goods are safe, and you will sail in the morning, there is nothing to be apprehended. But”—and he turned a

searching look upon the captain's countenance—  
“ have you executed that little commission for me which I entrusted you with ? ”

“ Partly it has been done,” returned Feaghan with well-assumed confidence ; “ it is not in human power to command perfect success.”

“ Partly ! ” repeated the dwarf, in a tone as discordant as his voice had hitherto been musical—  
—“ partly ! ” he again uttered, as a fierce scowl passed over his features. “ Have you seized them ?—disposed of them ?—or what ? ”

“ I say once more, Mr. Cornelius, your wishes can be but partly gratified,” uttered the captain, firmly, and disregarding the menacing manners of his companion ; “ we have got one of the children—the other escaped.”

“ Which of them ? ” eagerly demanded the dwarf, as he caught Feaghan by the arm—  
“ which was it that escaped ? ”

“ The girl—she ran away, and gave the alarm as the man was about to seize her,” answered the captain.

“And the boy—the boy, Feaghan! Tell me of the boy. Is he safe?—secure, eh?”—and a gleam of demoniac pleasure, heightened by the hue of the fire, shone upon his face.

“Yes, Mr. Cornelius, he is safe enough,” answered the captain, proudly, as he disengaged himself from the grasp of the dwarf.

“My excellent friend, Feaghan—my noble fellow,” responded the other; “then as far as he is concerned my heart is at rest; I have nothing more to fear;” and he laughed with wild delight.

“I have merely to claim the promised reward,” said the captain; “which, of course, is ready for me.”

“Hold, hold, not so fast, Feaghan,” urged the dwarf; “you have not fulfilled the whole of the conditions; there is the girl; dispose of her, and the reward is yours.”

“I have already done my best, Mr. Cornelius,” argued the captain; “there were others



engaged in it beside myself, and I stand pledged to them for payment of the whole."

"But you are not entitled to the whole," urged his companion, angrily; "only half your commission has been executed; and remember, even that I can withhold."

"I know it," returned Feaghan; "but the best half has been done; it was the boy you feared the most."

"And he," uttered the dwarf, as he wildly laughed; "he! the boy, you know, now is securely at rest—"

"On board the cutter, Mr. Cornelius," responded Feaghan, firmly, and his hand instinctively approached the butt of his pistol; "nor shall he quit her till the whole is paid."

"Mille dhioul," shrieked the dwarf; "you have done nothing; the boy lives when I thought him dead. This is treachery, and you are——"

"Avast! Mr. Cornelius, no hard names, if

you please," exclaimed the captain; "we are on a level here."

"I will be revenged for this," uttered the other, in a deep sepulchral tone; "Feaghan, you shall repent it; I will take the cutter from you."

"But you cannot take the men—they are mine, soul and body, stock and fluke," uttered the captain, in derision; "and as for repentance, let the whole weight of your displeasure fall upon my head, I'll bear it, though——" he was recklessly going to add, "though it is not quite so big as yours," but he stopped short, for he felt he had a point to gain.

The dwarf remained silent a minute or two, as if labouring under a severe mental struggle; at length he uttered, in his usual harmonious tones, "I am overhasty, Feaghan; I jump to conclusions too soon; it is the sanguine nature of my temperament. You will land the boy, Feaghan, and then we can come to some arrangement."

"Dive! a foot will he land, Mr. Cornelius," replied the determined captain, "till the money's paid. I've said the word, and I'll stick to it."

"But this is not acting honestly," argued the other, with apparent mildness; "the reward was to be given for certain services performed, which services have not been fulfilled."

"As you please, sir," returned the resolute seaman; "keep your money, and I'll keep the boy; if he's not worth five hundred, he's worth nothing."

"I am overreached," murmured the dwarf, fiercely; "Feaghan, do you know your situation? do you forget that you are an outlaw, and within my power?"

"Exercise it if you dare!" boldly exclaimed the captain, crossing his arms and raising himself proudly erect; "Do you think I am ignorant of the ground I stand upon? No, Mr. Cornelius," and he elevated his voice; "I am Smasher, the smuggler-chief, for whose apprehension two hundred pounds is offered," he

laughed recklessly; "I have read the bills myself, and you are—"

"Your friend, Feaghan, your friend," interrupted the dwarf, in a subdued tone; "yes, I repeat it, I am your friend, if you do not stand in your own light."

"A friend is always a friend, let what will occur, Mr. Cornelius," answered the captain, proudly; "I hate pretenders. Once more I say the boy shall not land till the five hundred pounds is paid in hard cash; no bills—no after-claps; and even then I must be informed as to what his future destination is meant to be."

"Why, what can his future destination matter to you?" said the other, scornfully.

"My nature is very rugged, Mr. Cornelius," answered the seaman; "and it sometimes happens that feelings of affection and humanity will stick to its ruggedness, even in spite of myself."

"You!" shrieked the dwarf; "you! the desperate outlaw, the hardened smuggler, with

blood upon your conscience ; you have feelings of tenderness ! Ha, ha, ha !” and his laugh rung wildly through the clefts.

“And why not, Mr. Cornelius?” said Feaghan, as calmly and collectedly he prepared for some sudden outbreak of passion ; “you, yourself, trust to my generous forbearance, or else why are you here to taunt me ?”

“Because I can set you at defiance ; because I have you under control ; your property, aye, your very life is in my hands,” responded the dwarf.

“Tut man, I fear you not, and I am too proud to retort in wordy warfare, else I might soon turn the tables on you,” said the undaunted seaman.

A growl from Neptune, who had crouched at the entrance, watching what was passing within, gave notice of some one’s approach. “Good Nep,” said the captain, “see to ’em, boy—the faithful creature warns both friend and foe.” The animal raised himself from his recumbent

position, looked out into the night, sniffed the breeze, gave a low whine, and wagged his bushy tail, as a man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, hastily entered the hut.

“ They’re upon us, Mr. Cornelius, jewel. —Arrah, captain dear, but its close to us they are,” uttered he; “ make haste to your cutther, captain, and be off out o’that wid yer. Och hone, that Mike Hagan should live to see the day when his arem must hang down by the side of him,” and his shtick be propped again the wall.

“ Who and what are they, Mike?” inquired Feaghan, with perfect coolness and self-command.

“ They’re furreners, captain dear, and its myself is bothered intirely,” answered the man.

“ Did you catch any of their conversation,” asked Feaghan; “ be alive, Nep, look out good lad.” The dog slowly raised himself and walked to the outside. “ Could you hear them talk ?”

“ They’re Englishers by their brogue,” re-



plied the man; "and they spoke something about a long chace for the Blue Bob."

"By the divel's bells but its some of the Dolphins it ull be," exclaimed Feaghan; "were there any countrymen amongst them?"

"Indeed an' there was," answered Mike; "and thrue for you they said something about Doll Finn, bad luck to her, if it's throuble she's bringing, and these owld arems like withered twigs—och hone."

"Well, Mr. Cornelius, then here we part," said Feaghan; "if it's the revenue men, I know my duty to my people." The dog gave a low moan. "Nep hears them, and I must be off down the mountain."

"Arrah, Captain dear,—quick your sowl to glory!" said Mike, running to the corner, where the chest was standing,—"rouse it out o' this," and he slowly moved the ponderous ark; "down, down," uttered he, as a cavity appeared beneath where it stood, "down wid yer, and you'll be safe."

The offer was tempting ; but Feaghan feared the treachery of the dwarf ; besides, he did not care to let him think that he relied upon any thing but his own exertions for safety. “ No, Mike,” said he, “ I will not hide, and leave my bold lads in peril.” Neptune growled louder. “ I hear you, Nep ;—farewell, for this voyage, Mr. Cornelius ; my next trip is for Bordeaux.” He quitted the hut, but on perceiving several men close to the only passage to the flat, he hastily returned again ; the chest had been replaced ; the dwarf had disappeared, and Mike was extinguishing the fire, so that in a few seconds all was darkness.

“ Down, Nep, good fellow, down,” whispered Feaghan, as the animal uttered a deep growl, “ hold your noise, lad ;—whist, whist !” The creature obeyed, and following his master to the corner near the door, he crouched at his feet.

“ I am sure I heard voices,” said one of the party outside ; “ I say, Jem, what an infernal place this here is to come bush-fighting in,

and as for the Paddies—halloo ! what's that ?—  
Who's flinging stones at me ?”

“ Silence, there among you !” commanded another, in an authoritative tone ; “ Hold your noise, or you'll be drawing something upon your heads rather heavier than stones ;—where's Macshane ?”

“ It is here I am, Sir,” replied the person named, in a fine Munster brogue, as he hurried up to his officer.

“ Well, now, Macshane, you pretend to know whereabouts we are; pray what have you brought us here for ?” inquired the leader.

“ Case it's just this way they'll be bringing the goods, if the smuggler's down in the cove,” responded the other.

“ Are you sure you are not mistaken in the track ?” inquired the officer.

“ Oh divel the hap'orth o' mistake about it,” answered the man,—“ an' here's Mike Hagan's hurricane-house to the fore.”

“ A hurricane-house, indeed,” returned the

officer, surveying the hut; "it is a very appropriate designation, and the place looks like some infernal hole, in which the witches brew the heavy squalls that come down off the mountains."

"Brew whiskey, I'm thinking, Sir," said another of the party; "only it's so quiet, I should swear there was a still close to us."

"Faith, an' it's still and quiet they are, anyhow," said Macshane; "owld Mike may-be down at the cove, or out on the watch."

"Owld Mike is here, forenent yer, Larry Macshane," exclaimed Hagan, coming forth from the hut, "an' what 'ud the gentleman be wanting with me, Larry?"

"Where's the Blue Bob, ye owld sinner?" uttered Macshane; "isn't it down in the cove she is now, Mike?"

"Myself does 'nt know," answered Hagan; "I've been away over the hills till dark, and was just kindling my bit fire when you came."

"A fire!—let's in, my boys; perhaps we shall

find something to warm our insides, as well as the out," uttered the first man who had spoken; "where's Jennings with the dark lantern?"

The lantern was brought, and Mike preceding the party, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone,—  
"Whisht, lads, whisht! there's a stranger, as I picked up in the mountain, lost his way in the dark, an' he's now slaping on my bit bed;—whisht, and don't wake him, lads."

Feaghan's first intention was, to let some of the men enter, while he was concealed behind the door, and then to rush out and force a passage among the remainder; but Mike's hint was not lost upon him, and noiselessly he hurried across the rocky floor to the pallet of the old man, where, wrapping his overall about him, and covering himself with the blankets, he laid as if in a profound slumber, whilst Neptune sat watchfully by his side.

"A stranger," said the officer inquiringly,—  
"what stranger would be wandering among these mountains after night-fall?—we must see the gentleman."

“Were you ever here afore, sir?” asked Mike, as he stopped short at the threshold, to give Feaghan time.

“Never, my man,” returned the officer; “I never had my foot on the Irish shores before to-day.”

“Then there’s more nor one sthranger in the mountain this blessed night, Sir, any-how,” answered Mike, as he entered, and was followed by the party with their light.

The officer cautiously peered around him, as he sent the rays from the lantern into every corner. Neptune laid perfectly still, but there was a fierceness in his eyes, as he frequently displayed his terrible set of teeth when any one approached him. “Call away the dog, fellow,” said the officer, addressing Mike.

“An’ small use there’d be in that, Sir,” answered Hagan;—“the crater belongs to the sthranger, and a faithful baste it is, an’ quiet enough,—only barring his teeth.”

“Halloo!” shouted the officer, “Yo hoy there,



my friend !” and Feaghan, as if aroused from his sleep, raised himself from the bed, and rubbing his eyes, stared with surprise around him. “Pray who are you, and what are you doing here ?” inquired the officer, in a haughty manner, whilst Mike was drawing the attention of Macshane to a stone jug, containing potcheen.

“An you’ll not bethray owld friends, Macshane,” whispered Hagan ; “have you forgotten the day we laid Dermot Delany under the sod ? have you no remembrance of him who saved the life of you there, ayont ?”

“Whisht, Mike, whisht !” returned the man, in the same low tone, as he eagerly grasped the jug, “they’ve forced me on it ; but I scorn to bethray him as owns the dog.”

“I am waiting for an answer to my question,” exclaimed the officer haughtily ; “is it your pleasure to give it, or not ?—Who and what are you ?”

“I see by your uniform that you have a right to make the inquiry, and, therefore, reply,—a

stranger in these parts; I ascended the mountains, to view nature in some of its wildest forms. The mist came on, and I lost my way, where I was obliged to pass the night; cold and hungry, and stiff with fatigue, I should have been compelled this night also to remain unsheltered, and perhaps have perished, but that yon worthy fellow, who proves that humanity may be found in rough exteriors, fell in with, and brought me hither. Now, sir, I have answered, are you satisfied?" uttered the captain.

"And was the dog, that sagacious animal, lost too?" inquired the officer. "It is seldom the Newfoundland breed are so dull of comprehension."

"The creature would not leave my side," responded Feaghan; "he seemed to be aware of dangers that were concealed from me, and knowing that he had never been here before, I feared to trust him as my guide."

"Bring here that tub that you picked up outside," said the officer, and a small empty cask

similar to those with which the cutter had been stowed, was brought forward ; the officer held it by the slings. “Heigh, boy !” exclaimed he, holding it in a position for the animal to take ; poor Neptune forgot his propriety ; he saw only the tub that was offered to him for conveyance, and bounding forward, he caught the slings in his jaws, and wagging his tail, turned triumphantly to his master. “I thought so,” exclaimed the officer, “we are accustomed to these things at Dover and Deal.” But Nep. saw no approving look upon the captain’s face :—the motion of his tail ceased :—he dropped the tub, —returned to the bed-side, where he doggedly remained, in spite of every effort to entice him away.

“The dog tells us a tale at all events, sir,” said one of the party ; “its plain he’s up to the thing, and I wish I had the value of all that he has ever carried.”

“The conduct of the creature is natural to all such animals,” responded Feaghan ; “but I am

‘weary, gentlemen, is it your pleasure to let me sleep?’”

“Macshane,” called the officer, and the man came to his side. “You have found one old acquaintance, it seems,—pray do you know anything of this dog, or of his master?”

“Sorrow the bit I know,” returned Macshane, as he gave a glance at both; “barring its Mr. Dooley the natural—”

“You are right, my friend,” said Feaghan, catching at the man’s meaning; “I am Mr. Dooley, the naturalist, as people are pleased to term me, and it was in search of lichen and mosses that I lost my way in the mountain.”

“You can have no objection then to return with me to a place of greater safety, sir,” returned the officer; “I respect the man of science, and shall be proud to give you an escort.”

“Which I will most cheerfully accept,” uttered Feaghan, rising from the bed with his overall closely folded round him; “I am, it is true, extremely weary, but the prospect of better

accommodation will atone for present labour. I am ready, sir."

"You will have a basket or box for your specimens, Mr. Dooley," said the officer inquiringly; "I am partial to the study of botany, myself, and when we get to our moorings shall be happy to inspect the fruit of your toil."

"I fear you will be disappointed then," said Feaghan, "for unfortunately my basket and my box were blown down a hideous chasm yesterday. I had placed them on the ground for a few minutes, when the gale in its wild fury whirled both away, and with them went the little food I had provided."

"Well then, we will make up the loss by conversation," said the officer, preparing to depart; "and, as it would be a folly to descend to the cove with no certain knowledge of the smuggler being there, we will return over the mountain and wait for daylight."

"Farewell, my worthy friend," said Feaghan, addressing Mike, and slipping some money into

his hand, so that the revenue party might see him ; “ you know the spot where my provisions and specimens are to be found ; bring them to me at Bantry, and I will reward you. I shall stay at Bantry a few days.”

“ The Saints’ blessings on your honour,” returned Hagan ; “ its few that spakes a word of comfort to owld Mike’s heart now, for them are gone as onest owned me and cherished me—och hone !”

“ Well, well, my honest fellow,” said the officer ; “ you have done a Christian-like act, and gratitude is due to you. The cutter, you say, is not in the cove, but she must be in some of the nooks along this coast, and as your nest here commands a long view, I think you cannot help seeing her.”

“ Barring its thick weather,” observed Mike, with well-assumed simplicity of manner.

“ Of course, I do not expect you to keep fog-spectacles,” said the officer smiling : “ but Mike—I think your name’s Mike.”



“Mike Hagan, at your honour’s service,” returned the old man, bowing with obsequious deference.

“Well then, Mike Hagan, if you will keep a good look-out during the night, and ascertain what is going on, so as to give me information, you shall be well rewarded. The captain of the smuggler is much wanted at Cork.”

“He has many friends there, sir, may be?” said Mike; “an its well and pleasant to be in request by one’s friends, though I shall never enjoy that same again.”

“He is in great request,” assented the officer, “and if you can let me know where he may be found, your future condition shall be amended, and provision made for you to the end of your days.”

“Its meself then as will sake him, and tell him of it,” said Mike, putting on a look of pleased intelligence.

“No,—no, not for the world!” exclaimed the officer, “you must not say a word to him, but

come to me at—" he whispered in his ear, "and let me know without uttering a syllable to any one."

"Oh! divel the breath shall cross my lips about it," uttered Mike; "an may you fall in with him this blessed night of all others."

"Come lads, get into order, have your arms ready, look to your primings, and away," said the officer.

The command was obeyed, and the party quitted the hut, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, Mike showing them a shorter passage than that by which they had come down.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“I know you are two rival enemies;  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy  
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Feaghan quitted the habitation of old Mike he felt it as a reprieve, for he made no doubt of effecting his escape in some of the passes of the mountain, the whole of which he was perfectly acquainted with; and as he still retained his arms, he determined that even the shedding of blood should not deter him from making the trial; but when he beheld the judicious arrangements made by the officer to prevent surprise and to form a body guard around them, he at once became convinced that an exceedingly difficult task lay before him, and the success-

ful performance of it extremely problematical. Besides, he laboured under lassitude, weariness, and pain ; he had not been in bed for several nights, and the previous one had been passed upon the cutter's deck ; his wounds, too, were troublesome—they had no other dressing than that given by Peterson ; the ball in his arm had not been extracted, the part was inflamed and swelled, and his whole frame was stiff and sore.

The officer was a rosy-faced, good-tempered Englishman, of that class who, fancying themselves extremely knowing, are generally the first to be deceived. The account of himself given by Feaghan was only in part credited, for there was a lurking suspicion, a sort of presentiment of something undefined, that induced him to place his men in such order that they might be ready for anything that might occur. He walked steadily by the side of the supposed Mr. Dooley, narrated the events of the chase after the Blue Bob with accurate precision—stated that the Dolphin had got into one of the small

harbours in Bantry Bay, and that he had been despatched with twenty men well armed, and Macshane for a guide, to reconnoitre up the mountain, making every inquiry as to whether the smuggler had got into the Devil's Cove. "But where's your dog, Mr. Dooley?" inquired he; "I wish the noble animal was mine—surely we cannot have lost him."

Feaghan had missed the creature soon after they had set out, and hoped that he had gone back with Hagan; but, to avoid being suspected, he gave a shrill whistle, and forward bounded Neptune, carrying in his jaws the identical tub that had caused some uneasiness in the hut. The officer just noticed the circumstance, but made no other observation than praising the animal, who wagged his tail and carried his head erect as he proceeded onward with his prize.

Several times did Feaghan try to give his companions the slip, but, so closely did they stick to him, that he feared it would be impos-

sible unless he had recourse to violence, and the odds were fearfully against him. Once he endeavoured to overturn the officer by pretending to stumble, but the man was on his guard, and though he staggered a little, yet he never lost his footing, and Feaghan became convinced that he had a most powerful enemy to contend with. Nerved to desperation, he at length chose a convenient spot where the bushes grew thickly and the ground was uneven, so as to offer concealment in the darkness. Slipping off his cloak, as an incumbrance, he knocked down the man by his side, and then made a vigorous spring into the thicket ; but his strength was not equal to his expectations, the fallen man suddenly bounded up and caught the smuggler's foot as he precipitated himself forward ; in an instant he came heavily to the ground, and the next minute was a prisoner and disarmed.

“ You're a strange man, Mr. Dooley—a very strange man,” said the officer, as they tightly pinioned Feaghan's arms behind him ; “ any one



might tell you was a man of science, you're so erratic in your movements. Who you are, or what you are, is at present beyond my comprehension, but you must excuse me for depriving you of your liberty, Mr. Dooley. Naturalist you may be, but, for my own part, I take you for as errant a duffer as ever run a cargo. However, we shall see presently ; our commander is to be at O'Connor Hall, and thither shall I conduct you, Mr. Dooley."

"You will use your own free will, sir," responded Feaghan, proudly ; "though I cannot see what legal right you have to detain me, and more especially to treat me in this manner."

"I own, Mr. Dooley," returned the officer, provokingly, "that I am not lawyer enough to know under what Act of Parliament I am keeping you in safe custody—I must leave that to the wiser heads of you gentlemen naturalists. But you have committed an assault, Mr. Dooley—an uprovoked assault, and you may be tempted to repeat it if I suffer you to be at large again ;

it is probable you may be known at O'Connor Hall, and then, Mr. Dooley, if you are Mr. Dooley the botanist, you shall have immediate release."

Feaghan had every reason to believe he should be recognized at O'Connor Hall, but not for the purpose of being set at liberty; he regretted that he had not used his pistols, but now he had no alternative, and must remain a prisoner, perhaps be consigned to jail and suffer an ignominious death, in expiation for his offences against the laws. These were by no means pleasant reflections, and his reckless nature tried to drive them away; but he was feverish and irritable, and, as far as the thoughts were concerned, he had lost all self-control. The officer continued Mr. Dooleying him as they walked forward, but Feaghan merely returned monosyllables to his inquiries; he felt an unusual depression of spirits, and every effort to rally his energies only served to bow him down still lower.

It was near midnight when they passed through the avenue of fine old elm trees that formed an appropriate approach to O'Connor Hall—the porter at the Lodge having promptly opened the gates to admit them as soon as he had ascertained their errand. All was still and quiet within the venerable building, when the loud summons at the door announced the party, and in a few minutes, from an eminence commanding the entire front, inquiry was made relative to the intruders. The officer explained his situation, and required admission to communicate with his superior.

“Which vessel do you belong to?” asked the domestic; “we’ve two commanders in the house.”

“The Dolphin, revenue cruiser,” returned the officer; “Captain Lilyburn. Have the goodness to inform him of my arrival, and that I have got a prisoner.”

“I’ll do that thing,” returned the servant. “Wait a minute, an’ I’ll be back presently. They’re neither of them abed yet.”

In a short time the doors were thrown open, and the party entered the spacious hall, where lights were arranged by the servants who had not yet retired for the night ; whilst the others, disturbed by such a summons, at a season when alarm prevailed, very soon made their appearance amongst the rest. The place they were assembled in was one of those spacious ante-vestibules that were formerly to be seen in ancient baronial residences, serving the double purpose of an entrance-hall and a guard-room. The dark and highly-polished oak panels, inlaid with brass, were decorated with arms of every manual description, intermingled with weapons destined for the chase. Nor were they confined to that particular period, for there was antique armour, the stout bull-hide shield, with its brass knobs ; cross-bows and bills ; the long two-edged sword ; the mace and the axe, with various other implements of warfare. A massive lamp hung suspended from the centre, and its seven branches, when lighted up, darkly

illumined every part of the place, so as to heighten the romance of its appearance to the eye of the stranger. The floor was of white and black marble alternately, in diagonal positions. Richly-carved oak chairs, with crimson velvet, emblazoned with armorial bearings, in the centre of their backs, were ranged along the sides, together with two huge tables of the same wood. The fret work of the vaulted ceiling frowned in the gloom, and showed the fantastic shapes projecting from the cornices in mockery of life.

The armed party, with their prisoner, stood awaiting the arrival of the Dolphin's commander; and Feaghan, who had carefully noticed every countenance that presented itself, became more at ease, as, by their being all strange to him, he trusted that the honour of being unknown was reciprocal. At length two servants, each carrying two massive silver candlesticks, with wax tapers, preceded a short, stout, red-eyed man, who called for "Mr. Dobson,"

and the officer respectfully approached him, hat in hand.

“ Well, Dobson, and what news of the smuggler ?” enquired Captain Lilyburn in a pompous manner.

“ We can hear nothing of him, sir,” answered the officer ; “ all is quiet up the mountains—not a thing stirring.”

“ We have other intelligence, Mr. Dobson—other intelligence, sir,” responded Captain Lilyburn ; “ the smuggler is at this very moment at anchor in the Devil’s Cove. But who have we here ?”

The officer who had been addressed by the name of Dobson had permitted Feaghan to resume his cloak after his capture, and he now held it wrapped round him, as he stood between two men with pistols ready cocked. “ He says his name is Dooley, sir, a naturalist, botanizing in the mountains.”

“ And is that any reason for bringing him here, sir ?” exclaimed Captain Lilyburn, an-



grily. "The liberty of the subject, sir, is too precious and valuable to be trifled with. He bears the appearance of a gentleman. Release him, sir—release him."

"He attempted to get away, sir, and knocked Morrison down," said the officer, embarrassed and confused.

"And well he might, sir; the liberty of the subject, sir. Mr. Tooley"—he approached the smuggler—"I am truly sorry, sir, that you should have suffered inconvenience—stand back, men," for the poor fellows still remained guarding Feaghan. "These are perilous times, Mr. Tooley—very perilous times. Walk with me, and take some refreshment. Mr. Dobson, let the men get a good allowance served out to them, and then come to me for orders."

"The gentleman was well armed, sir," whispered Dobson to his commander, who was following Feaghan into an inner apartment, preceded by lights.

"And who, pray, do you think would be up

in those wild mountains without arms, Mr. Dobson?" returned Captain Lilyburn. "I fear you have done wrong—committed yourself, sir—violated the liberty of the subject, which should be held sacred. Bear a hand with the men, for we must instantly go on board, and be round off the Devil's Cove by daylight."

Feaghan could not but experience the greatest astonishment at the turn affairs had taken when he laid aside his overall, and found himself comfortably seated in a handsome parlour, with a cheerful fire, and at a table on which stood decanters of rosy wine.

"Come, Mr. Tooley, help yourself, sir; you must require something after your toil," said Captain Lilyburn. "That Dobson's a block-head, or he might have known gentility. I trust, however, you will not regret the inconvenience you have suffered, since it has moored you in a snug berth, sir. Your health, Mr. Tooley, and better acquaintance."

Feaghan filled a bumper, and with gentlemanly politeness returned the salute of his companion. He did, indeed, need such a stimulant, and the cordial greatly revived him. "Your officer meant well, sir, I have no doubt," said the smuggler.

"Ay, ay, Dobson's honest enough, I'll be sworn," returned Captain Lilyburn, "but dreadfully stubborn and stupid, sir—obstinate, obstinate. I dare say, now, he took you for some desperate smuggler;" and the Captain laughed.

"It is not at all improbable, sir," replied Feaghan; "my cloak and arms, and the time of night, no doubt aided the deception."

"And you were up the mountains naturalizing, Mr. Tooley, eh?" said Captain Lilyburn. "Fill, sir, if you please, and pass the decanter. Well, I never could account for the steadiness and perseverance with which you men of genius undergo difficulty and labour in pursuit of a plant; but I suppose it is much the

same as a cutter in chase of a smuggler—all eagerness and excitement.”

“Your parallel I conceive to be very just, sir, although the perils of the great waters are to me unknown,” replied Feaghan, eagerly swallowing another bumper; “but I dare say the excitement of the chase equals that which the naturalist feels when in pursuit of something that may increase the knowledge of mankind. Think of discovering a new plant, sir; a plant to which the learned world may affix your name, and hand it down to posterity. The *Dooleyscentum*, sir,”—he filled his glass again as, with seeming ecstasy, he exclaimed, “ay, the *Dooleyscentum*—it would be the utmost height of my ambition.”

“And a very harmless and innocent one too, Mr. Tooley,” returned Lilyburn, lifting his glass; “may your hopes and expectations be realized. Here’s to the *Tooleysmeltum*, sir.”

“With all my heart,” uttered Feaghan, with well-assumed delight, as he again tossed off his wine. “Here’s to the *Dooleyscentum*; and

many thanks, sir, for the honour you have conferred upon me. I have, in fact, discovered a new species of moss, and as a token of gratitude—yes, I will—I'm determined I will—it shall be called after you, my kind friend ;” and Feaghan refilled his glass, and held it up. “I'll name it the Lily-bur-nalia. Long may you live to enjoy the distinction.” And down went the wine.

“Well, well,” responded Captain Lilyburn—“really, I think—but there, do as you please. But you must require food. Shall a servant wait upon you, or will you help yourself at the sideboard ? I hope you will afterwards accompany me to the Dolphin, and then you will be enabled to form some idea of what a real chase and sea-fight is, for I certainly shall trap the audacious smuggler, who thinks, no doubt, that he has deluded me. Deceive me ? No, no, Mr. Dooley, it is not so easy a matter to do that, sir ; I am not so readily deceived, as he shall learn before noon to-morrow.

Feaghan walked boldly to the sideboard,

which was plentifully supplied with substantial food, and, whilst the captain of the revenue cutter was industriously extolling his own discernment, the hardy smuggler ate heartily of what appeared before him, and felt all his energies revive.

“ I wonder where Dobson can be,” uttered Lilyburn; “ the men must be pretty well satisfied by this time—but those fellows would gormandize for ever. Well, Mr. Tooley, what do you say for a trip to sea ?”

“ Your offer is extremely gratifying, sir,” replied Feaghan, bowing, “ but I fear my friends will feel alarmed for my safety.—This is the second night of my absence, and, if you will kindly give directions for my pistols to be returned, I shall, with the help of the Lord, proceed on to Bantry.”

“ To Bantry ! why it would be madness to go alone, Mr. Tooley—sheer madness,” exclaimed Captain Lilyburn: “ if you will not go with me to the Dolphin, you had better take



a bed here. Sir Terence never sees company—he is a lone, a desolate man,” said he, mournfully, shaking his head, “his son manages all; but he is absent on some important duty, and is not expected back till morning. Sir Terence, however, has given me *carte blanche*, and I am sure every degree of hospitality will be extended to you, Mr. Tooley.”

The thought flashed upon Feaghan’s mind, that if left behind, under such circumstances, he might easily escape from his chamber, and therefore, with a bow, he replied, “Our island is famed for hospitality, Captain Lilyburn; I am, indeed, very weary, and somewhat hurt in my fall, I will therefore remain for the night, and accept my best thanks and regards for —”

He was interrupted by the entrance of Dobson, accompanied by a thorough bull-dog looking man, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant; his face was bloated and pimpled, his eyes were large and prominent, and his voice was rough and hoarse. Feaghan turned his head

away, and a sickly dampness came over his brow. "Yo hoy, Lilyburn," said the lieutenant, "what still at anchor? It's time to be under way, else that d—— fellow will give us the slip again, though I think we have him safe enough now."

"I will retire," said Feaghan, in a low tone, addressing Captain Lilyburn, "my presence may impede business, and I wish to be at rest. May you meet with the success you merit, sir, and believe me I shall not forget you."

"Show this gentleman to a chamber," said the revenue captain to one of the servants, "and Dobson see that his pistols are restored. Good night, Mr. Tooley; I shall be proud to see you whenever an opportunity serves, and, my dear sir, you'll not forget the Lilybur—what-you-may-call-it, the new moss," he bowed to the retreating Feaghan, and then continued, "Now, Captain Anderson, I am ready to attend to you."

"Don't let me disturb the gentleman," said Anderson, who, though only a lieutenant, as-

sumed the nominal title of captain, in virtue of his being commander of the Spider. "Don't let me disturb the gentleman, it is the bottomizer, I presume. Come, my friend, one glass in good fellowship before we part."

"I thank you for your polite civility," uttered Feaghan, lowly bowing, so as to keep his face in the shade, "I have already drank sufficient; and men of scientific attainments should always keep their heads clear."

"D—— it, shipmate, one glass more won't damage your upper works," said the lieutenant, bluntly.

"Liberty all! Captain Anderson—liberty all," exclaimed Lilyburn. "Mr. Tooley is tired—force no man—freedom is every thing—yet, perhaps, Mr. Tooley, at my request, will indulge in another glass, for the sake of old remembrance."

Thus pressed, Feaghan knew not what to do—had he persisted in his refusal it might have caused suspicion, and he therefore, though with

a heavy heart, determined to brave it out :

“ Most assuredly, I will comply with your desire ;” and, stepping quickly to the table, he filled his glass ; “ your health, sir.”

“ Gentlemanly—most gentlemanly,” uttered the self-gratified Lilyburn ; “ no, no, I’m not easily deceived, anybody may see he is—”

“ The Smasher !” vociferated the lieutenant, releasing a pistol from his belt and cocking it ; “ surrender, rascal, you are my prisoner.”

“ Eh,—how,—what,” uttered Lilyburn, “ the Smasher—the skipper of the smuggler—impossible—you must labour under error, Captain Anderson—no one can practice upon me.”

“ Practice, or not practice, that’s the man,” growled the lieutenant, “ and I have others here to prove it. Seize him, men—if he offers to stir I’ll put a ball through his head.”

“ Keep the men off, Captain Anderson !” shouted Feaghan, who saw that subterfuge was useless ; “ do not drive me to desperation. Captain Lilyburn, I claim your protection—the

liberty of the subject, sir—the liberty of the subject.”

“ But the face of affairs has changed, my man,” returned Lilyburn ; “ in fact, I suspected as much all along.” He shook his head. “ No, no—I’m not easily deceived.”

“ Remember the new moss,” said the reckless smuggler ; “ would you lose such lasting, imperishable fame—the Lilyburnalia?”—and he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which, though none knew the joke, all heartily joined. “ Well, Captain Anderson, I surrender,” continued he ; “ and now,” raising his glass, “ may the divel fetch every mother’s son of you !”

“ I’ll take you on board,” said Anderson—“ mustn’t lose sight of you again. Come, on with your storm-gear ; we’ve no time to throw away.”

“ Not to-night, Captain Anderson,” returned the smuggler, proudly ; “ I shall accept the hospitality of Sir Terence—he is a county

magistrate, sir ; and I yield myself to the civil power," pointing to some of the police, who had entered the apartment with the seamen to get a sight of the notorious Smasher. " Besides, though I will not appeal to *your* humanity, yet I must claim early assistance. Your marines gave me a benediction in that little affair off Scilly ; one of their blessings still remains in my body ; my wounds are festering and sore ; I am yet untried, and I demand the treatment of a man."

" He is right, Captain Anderson," whispered Lilyburn ; " he is beneath the same roof with the civil magistrate, who cannot see him till the morning ; it would be gross disrespect to our host and his worthy son, and we mustn't repay kindness by insult."

" Are there any places of confinement in the house ?" inquired the lieutenant, addressing the chief of the police.

" Shure an' there is, sir," answered the man, " a tight hole enough, where I'll engage he'd



niver get out till doomsday, if you'd wish to keep him so long."

"An' no very long time eather," said another of the police, "if he's the raal Smasher. We'll take care of him, any how, seeing his head's worth two hundred pound."

"Which I shall claim," said Anderson, whilst Feaghan eyed them with silent contempt "I thought my marines must have hit you, and you well deserved it. Five of my men expended, and his Majesty's schooner riddled with shot, beside the loss of the fore-yard.—You'll go to heaven in a string, to a certainty."

"He who foretels another's fate may come to it himself," said Feaghan. "Show me my prison. You shall not see me shrink ; nor do I yet despair of nipping the Spider's legs again. From you, Captain Lilyburn, I have received generous kindness, and I will not forget it, should fortune ever enable me to return the obligation. Here, bind my hands and arms, if you wish it ; I am ready to go."

“ Let him have a bed, or a mattress, at the least, with comfortable covering,” said Lilyburn; “ whatever his future fate may be, let us act towards him with humanity now.”

“ Order it as you please,” said the lieutenant, “ for my part, I’m off. Away fellows,—away Spiders, away. We’ve got the chief, and we’ll have his craft before this hour to-morrow afternoon.”

Well guarded by the police and the servants, Feaghan was conducted to a stone cell, about twelve feet square, with a small aperture, strongly secured by iron bars to admit air. Agreeably to the wish of Captain Lilyburn, a mattress was laid upon the wooden frame that served for the prisoner’s *rest*, and blankets and coverlets were spread over all, forming a very comfortable couch for a wearied and wounded man, accustomed to privations and hardships. Some warm wine was brought to him, which he drank off freely, and then laid himself upon the pallet ; the door closed ; he listened to the fast-

ening of the locks and bolts, and was left in total darkness. Sleep began to steal upon his senses, when he heard a low whining noise, which he immediately knew proceeded from his faithful animal, Neptune, and instantly rising, he took the bandage from his arm, thrust it through the grated window, hap-hazard, and then called—"Away, Nep, away to the craft, boy, to the craft!" His door was suddenly opened, and a policeman looking in, gave him warning there was a sentry in the passage. The light that was thrown around his cell, added to the previous investigation he had made, amply satisfied him that egress was entirely out of the question, except through the doorway, and the policeman's carbine, ready for instant use, showed him the inutility of a personal attack. He threw himself on his pallet again, and his guardian retiring, he was soon in a profound sleep, in defiance of pain and uneasiness of mind.

Maurice Feaghan was the son of a grazier, who had been well to do in the world, and, by

attending the various markets in England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, had acquired a degree of information and knowledge that gave him a sort of off-hand polish, which, added to the vivacity of his manner, and a fund of humour, elevated him above society in his own rank of life, and rendered him a great favourite amongst a higher grade, who prized his companion-like qualities, and valued his *bonhomie*.

Maurice was destined for the priesthood, and consequently at an early age he was confided to the care of the Reverend Father O'Fogharty, the parish confessor, who, with much benevolence of heart, blended a strange eccentricity of manner, and loved a good joke above all things, saving and excepting a taste of the "raal mountain dew." Yet he was far from being of intemperate habits, and his scientific and literary knowledge was sufficiently extensive to entitle him to be considered a profound scholar and excellent divine.

The choice of such an instructor to a gay,

rollicking youth like Maurice, had its evils as well as its advantages ; indeed it was questionable whether, in many instances, the former did not predominate ; for young Feaghan knew well how to put his “commether ” on the old man, and make the worse appear the better cause ; and though the lad greatly respected his preceptor, yet the volatile disposition of youth constantly involved the pupil in some scrape or other, and at wakes, fairs, and ructions, none was more active than Maurice Feaghan. It is true that the master called him to account for his outbreaks : but the love of humour in the old man was not proof against the irresistible drollery of his charge, who, when pleading in his own behalf, contrived to introduce such ridiculous descriptions of the occurrence as completely to overpower the risible faculties of the worthy father, and the pretended penitent had forgiveness promptly extended to him.

In all the athletic exercises and pastimes of his countrymen, young Maurice was no mean

proficient ; he was strong, active, and vigorous, fond of a bit of harmless mischief, and “who carried his head so high among the lasses, as the young praste as was to be?” whilst they in return rendered him their silent admiration. Against tithe proctors and revenue men he had conceived a sort of instinctive antipathy, amounting almost to hatred. The tales which were told of their arbitrary proceedings and unnatural oppression, caused him to consider them as enemies to the rest of mankind, and he formed a determined resolution to make war upon the whole race, and punish every individual of the class, wherever or whenever they got within his grasp.

Such a spirit could not long remain the quiet inmate of a retired study ; there were those who saw the peculiarities of the young man, and calculated upon the uses to which they might be put in organizing rebellion. Arts and schemes were employed to decoy him into secret combination ; the agitators pretended to repose entire



confidence in his honour, and he was introduced to the midnight meetings, in some wild romantic glen or uncouth cavern, that was well calculated to operate on the enthusiastic temperament of a youth, whose mind was already pre-occupied by the florid description of such scenes that he had found in books. Here the utmost deference was paid him, and, in an evil hour, incited by a love of liberty—the rational meaning of which he had never defined—he joined himself to a band of Whiteboys that had long been the terror of that part of the island. For some length of time, notwithstanding the many outrages that were perpetrated, he remained under the mask of concealment: but in a desperate affray, involving the sacrifice of several lives, his person was recognized, secrecy was no longer possible; he bade adieu to the church and to Father O’Fogharty, and became at once, young as he was, a determined daring leader of rebels.

Rewards were offered for his apprehension: but he continued to elude the search that was

made for him, and he gained the name of "The Smasher," from his propensities to beat in the doors and window-frames of the houses that resisted his lawless exactions. But at length he found it impossible to retain his position on shore, and, indulging his cherished detestation of revenue men, he became a smuggler under one of the most intrepid captains on the coast, and in his new employ he was equally indefatigable as he had been in his old. The excitement suited his reckless habits; he saw there was a fortune to be made, if he could only keep from being captured; and, not over scrupulous as to means, he toiled unceasingly in his vocation, and applied himself most diligently to the acquisition of a thorough acquaintance with the various inlets, coves, and creeks, upon the southern shores of the island, whilst at the same time he obtained an excellent knowledge of the French coast.

Qualities like these could not long be kept in a state of subordination. Mr. Cornelius, or the

Baccah, as he was called, traded extensively in the contraband. The Blue Bob had just been launched for the *free trade*, and an offer of the command made to young Feaghan, which he at once accepted, and, still retaining his designation of "the Smasher," he proved himself the most successful smuggler that ever hoisted sail upon the ocean. This, together with his hair-breadth escapes, in which science and skill were aided by great good luck, had rendered him, in the estimation of his superstitious people, as something surpassing human nature, and they looked up to him with a confidence equal to his daring.

During his runs he had had frequent encounters with the revenue vessels, which he had either outsailed or beaten off, and had fought the Spider for two hours before he could get clear away. Once he had been apprehended, and Lieutenant Anderson having appeared against him in person, became thoroughly acquainted with his identity. The individual, through

whose treachery he had been taken, swore to many facts, and Feaghan was fully committed to take his trial for murder on the high seas: but through the active agency of his father, who bribed the gaoler with a little fortune, he was enabled to escape to France, where he again resumed command of the cutter. An act of outlawry was passed against him—two hundred pounds reward was offered for his apprehension, yet he had recklessly walked through the streets of Cork, and read the posting bills describing his appearance; nay, he had more than once visited Father O’Fogharty, and left him handsome testimonials of his grateful esteem. Most probably his previous escape had been the inducement to Anderson’s design of taking him with him to the Spider.

And there laid the wounded outlaw, soundly sleeping—insensible to the fate which seemed inevitably to hang over him. Suddenly he started up from his pallet, and exclaimed, “Hallo, Tom! what’s the news?” For the

moment, he fancied himself on board ; but the darkness was too profound—and immediate recollection of his situation came across his mind.

“ It could not be a dream ! ” said he. “ Some one touched me ; I will swear some one touched me. Who and what are you ? ”

“ Hush ! make no noise,” uttered a whisper at his ear ; and though the words were scarcely audible, yet there was a harmony in the tone, low as it was, that instantly told Feaghan the dwarf was by his side. But the exclamation he had used alarmed the sentry—bolt after bolt was withdrawn. “ Rest easy, Feaghan ; make room,” said the hunchback—“ make room, or you’re lost.” He crept beneath the covering of the bed, and effected concealment as the light of the sentinel’s lamp dispersed the gloom.

“ An’ is it disthurbed ye are ?—small wonder at that same ! ” said the man. “ What the divel ails you ? ”

“ Thru for you, my boy, and *it is* the divel

ails me," answered Feaghan. "I thought he shook me, and wanted to get into bed; but it's dreaming I was, though I never knew any thing more like reality."

"Och, then, but he knows his own," returned the sentry; "it's choice companions ye are—the Lord be between me and harem—an' so I'll lave you together." He closed the door—the bolts were again drawn, and all was once more involved in darkness impenetrable to the sight.

"Feaghan," whispered the dwarf, disengaging himself from the blankets, "notwithstanding your conduct last night, I would not leave you to perish. I told you I would be your friend, if you would let me. I come to serve you—it is in my power to do so—"

"Can you take me out o' this without any more bother?" returned the outlaw, in the same low whisper. "The Blue Bob is lost, and there are those on board will split about the stow-hole if I am not there to prevent it."

"How know you that?" inquired the dwarf;



“she is safe at anchor in the cove, and—” He stopped short.

“And what?” said Feaghan. “But no matter now. Lilyburn and Anderson were here to-night; they have both returned to their vessels, and will be round at the cove by daylight. An express has been sent off to Cork, and others have been despatched along the coast. There is no time to lose. How you came here is none of my business, except, as I suppose, we must get out the same way.”

“If I release you, will you cancel the agreement respecting the children?” said the dwarf.

“This is sheer folly,” returned Feaghan; “I thought you were better acquainted with self-preservation. I am here with a halter round my neck, and would willingly swear through those stone walls to save myself.”

“Will you implicitly follow my instructions?” asked the dwarf. “Say but the word, and you are free.”

“Follow? ay, I’ll follow you to any where

but the gallows just now," responded Feaghan, "and then be guided by my own inclinations afterwards. If you are not satisfied, leave me, and let me sleep, so that I may collect my thoughts; I shall have an important examination to undergo to-morrow."

"Would you betray your friend—your employer, Feaghan?" said the dwarf, in a tone of inquiry.

"I cannot and will not hold further conversation here," uttered Feaghan; "if it is in your power to sprite me away through the key-hole, or squeeze me flat out between those iron gratings—for these are the only modes of escape I know of—well and good; if not, haul your wind out of this—for may be I shall have an attack of cramp, and be compelled to call out."

"Well then, Feaghan, I will testify my confidence in your honour," returned the dwarf; "you shall experience my generosity and friendship. Arise—make no noise—your hand."

Feaghan complied with the directions, and

carrying his shoes in one hand, he extended the other to his guide, and silently they trod across the stone floor. The dwarf stooped, and there was a slight grating noise in the wall. "Bend down," said he, "and feel your way." The outlaw did so, and found himself in an aperture opened in the solid wall, but by what means effected he could not discover. Passing through it, upon his hands and knees, he discovered that he was at once on the steps of a stone staircase; there was the same grating noise, and they descended to a low door, which opened on the broad moat surrounding the house. A small boat laid in readiness, and in a few minutes they were safely landed on the other side.

"Now then, Feaghan, you are once more at liberty," said the dwarf; "does not the free air of heaven come refreshing to your temples—is it not grateful to the heart?"

"I wish I was on the cutter's deck, under a close-reefed trysel," said the smuggler; "it

would be more pleasant to me than all the perfumed gales of Araby."

"Be contented—you are safe," uttered the other. "And now, Feaghan, will you accede to my request relative to the reward?"

"For myself, may the money perish!" answered the outlaw, proudly; "you have rescued me from peril, and I would scorn to be ungrateful."

"You will cancel the demand, then?" continued the dwarf—"you will not expect the payment?"

"I have said it, Mr. Cornelius," returned the smuggler; "but, at the same time, I can have no right to make such a declaration for others. I leave them in your hands."

"And the boy!" eagerly interrupted the dwarf—"the boy, Feaghan—what do you say of him?"

"Do not urge me on that point," answered the captain—"or, if you will, I tell you at once

he shall never come to harm whilst I have the power to prevent it."

"Suppose him already disposed of," said the dwarf; "that which has been done, can never be recalled."

"But it may be avenged," returned Feaghan,—"ay, and shall be so, if any one has dared to injure him. You will find me at my post, Mr. Cornelius—or, rather, will hear from me, as I shall put to sea the moment I get on board, and make a running fight of it, if I can do no better. In the mean time, the boy shall be kept safe; and, perhaps, should it be absolutely necessary, he may be disposed of where there will be no fear of his troubling you again. Farewell, Mr. Cornelius. I'm off. Expect to see me back in less than a fortnight."

## CHAPTER IX.

Och, the whiskey—the whiskey's the divel's delight;  
It taches to love and it urges to fight;  
Makes a foe of a friend and a friend of a foe;  
The sweetest of bliss and the bitterest woe.

THE beautiful cutter lay reposing on the water after Feaghan had quitted her, and the men were holding a sort of revelry on shore, many of their friends and acquaintances having, on notice of their arrival, come down to welcome them in good French brandy. A sail, spread over an opening amongst the rocks, sheltered them from the night dew—a wood fire was kindled—and lighted wicks of cotton-cloth, immersed in tin pans of fat, threw a bright glare around, as the piper played his lilt, and the wild-looking beings entered into all the violent extravagance of the Irish dance.



It was a scene for the pencil of Salvator Rosa—the tubs, and arms, and marine appendages, being introduced to heighten the effect of the smuggler's gala. Nor was there wanting many a little love affair, both of the heart and of the shillalah, to vary the by-play and give character to the whole.

Peterson and Tom Graves remained on board the cutter; the former in obedience to his commander's directions, the latter because he firmly believed the vessel would not be safe without him. The children had gone early to rest, for they had lost their playmate—Ned cried himself to sleep, whilst Hamilton joined in his sorrow solely on Ned's account.

“I'm thinking, Muster Peterson,” said old Tom, “that Muster Rapartee owes us a grudge for that 'ere affair at Brest; for my part, I never bears no malice to any one, but he doesn't seem to me to come of a breed that 'ud forgive and forget.”

“Our opinions are alike there, Graves,” re-

turned Peterson. "We cannot be too much upon our guard against him. Lawless as our occupation is, at all events we ought to be true to one another. Rafferty has more of the tiger in him than any man I ever knew."

"I don't know what you calls lawless, sir," said Graves, somewhat offended at his honesty being suspected, "but to my notion of things, we acts more by the rule of right than them as makes so much palavering about law. They've a Parliament-house and a Custom-house here in Ireland as well as they have in England, and all the money as they gets in the Custom-houses is shared out in the Parliament-houses, where they tell me its 'catch as catch can.' Now, I take it we've a just right to some share, that is if we can get it; so if we helps ourselves to the vally o' the dooties, why we're only doing the same as they're doing—looking out for number one. They makes laws to divide it among theirselves, and we makes laws not to let 'em get hould on it."

“There can be very little difference to us either way, Graves,” said Peterson; “we are merely paid for our services, though I must own the wages are good, in consideration of the hazards that we run.”

“There lies the difference, Muster Peterson,” drily returned the boatswain; “the extra wages comes out o’ that which would otherwise be sarved out amongst the Parliament folk. And arter all, there’s not none on ’em, from stem to starn, in your Lords and Commons, but likes a drop of stuff, or a bit of dry goods, dooty free, if so be as they can get it upon the sly. Why there was a Parliament man, I thinks his name was Pennypunt, as we always used to supply reg’larly with pieces when I was in owld Dangerfield’s ‘None so Lucky,’ belonging to Folkstun; and which on ’em is without his bangdanna either for his neck or for his pocket, and them bangdannas are next thing to being prohibited by the heavy dooties. Well, if so be as they can get ’em for thirty shillings a piece

apiece smuggled, they won't go for to give three or four guineas, because it's the law."

"And so by your reckoning, Tom, conscience is sacrificed to pelf," said Peterson, laughing, "and therefore we of the contraband sell our consciences as well as our labour."

"Why, Muster Peterson, I ar'n't possessed of faculty enough to make any particular diskrimagement in the religion of the business, but it does seem to my thinking out o' reason to suppose scih a thing, 'kase why? we do for conscience sake that which they do again their consciences—for we sticks by our law, whilst they breaks theirs."

"A very nice distinction truly, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone of merriment. "And worthy of any lawyer in Westminster Hall—though I fear neither judge nor jury would be of your opinion."

"'Kase they don't belong to us, Muster Peterson," answered the boatswain; "if the judges were owners of craft and the juries

reg'lar hands at the trade, they'd soon show 'em right from wrong by their vardicks. Our skipper ud make a good foreman of a jury."

"I hope he will not be long away, Tom," said Peterson, with some symptoms of uneasiness. "Should the mate return before him, with his grog aboard, we shall be sure to have some disturbance or other—he is like a wild beast, always ready to bite when his keeper's not alongside to muzzle him."

"And Captain Figgin keeps him pretty well muzzled too," responded old Tom, "though, for my part, I can't see but the craft ud sail just as well without him."

"He is useful too at a pinch, Tom," argued the second mate, "he has a certain *je ne sais quoi*, that can only be produced by animal instinct."

"By all accounts, Muster Peterson, he's got a good many Jenny Sáqquaws," rejoined the boatswain, "and as for his *h*animal inkstink its altogether beyond my calkelations. Howsomever

here we are in as sweet a craft as ever lifted her bows to a sea. I loves the cutter, Muster Peterson, better nor any vessel I was ever in, and, as you say, there's good wages, which gladdens my heart, bekase I can the better purvide for them as has claim to my support. The station too, is a good and christian-like station, for there's so many holes and corners, and devil's coves to shelter in ; and the runs are pleasant, that it's very different to crossing the channel in an open boat, with a breeze enough to blow all the hair off your head, and the sea running arter you like a race horse. And its hazardous work, that beaching, Muster Peterson, whether its down among the shingle, near Rumney Marsh, or under Hay Cliff, with its reef of chalk stones. To be sure, like a donkey's gallop, it's short and sweet, and a fellow may creep under hatches in his little home, and lie all snug till next cruise, if so be as he carries a weather helm among the officers, and shows an innocent figure-head. Many's the trip I've had to Flushing and along shore



in the owld ‘None-so-lucky;’ but it’s hard lines, Muster Peterson, in them long dark nights, shoving away between Blanket-bug and Bulling, and then pushing across the water under a reefed main-lug—every plank quivering, like a dog in a fit; and only a quarter of an inch between your coffin\* and your grave. Well! I say we arnes all we gets.”

“So we do, Tom, and earn it well too,” assented Peterson; “but come old boy, we’ll have a glass of grog a piece, and drink success to Folkstone pier, where the mayor wished the foundation stone to be laid at the top, that he might see his name upon it.”

“Ay, ay, Muster Peterson, the lubbers are always spinning some yarn or other about us Folkstuners,” responded Graves. “They say the women raked the bale-pond to catch the moon, and put it out—but it’s all gammon. And as for a glass of grog, why it’s a sad heart as never rejoices—they’re hard at it

\* The name of a particular kind of smuggling boat.

there ashore, and them Paddys are the devil's own *surely* at a spree."

The steward was called—the grog ordered—and soon seated side by side the two officials conversed over their beverage, of past events and future prospects. It was somewhat approaching to midnight when O'Rafferty returned—the men were by this time in a state of wild tumult—arising from inebriety, and the mate had swallowed sufficient to inflame all the evil passions and propensities of his nature. He was not drunk, but infuriated to a degree of demoniac mischief: there was nevertheless a method in his whole proceedings, that developed the real and undisguised nature of the man. At first he joined the riotous crew on shore, and shouted and danced with any of them; but though the men felt that he reduced himself to their level, by his conduct, yet he did not entertain the same opinion, as, upon some imaginary offence being given to his rank, he seized hold of a musket, and would have sent the unfortunate offender to

his last account, had he not been restrained by others just at the moment he was about to fire. This only served to render him more furious, and, struggling from those who held him, he ordered every man to bear a hand on board, without a moment's delay. But he was speaking to men over whom reason held no controul; a few indeed obeyed the command, but the principal portion either held him in derision, or openly set his authority at utter defiance.

Peterson and Graves witnessed the transaction from the cutter; and, when the mate came on board with those who were ready to accompany him, they naturally expected that they should become the objects of his rage; they therefore armed themselves and prepared for the worst; but so eager was O'Rafferty for revenge on the men who had recently provoked him, that, without noticing his subordinates, he at once issued orders to turn the cutter's guns upon the spot where the refractory crew and their associates, instead of continuing united

in their mutiny, had commenced fighting with each other ; and there was as pretty a specimen of give and take as any amateur in an Irish row need wish to witness.

“ The O’Raffertys,” as the mate called them, had promptly complied with the directions of their leader ; and the guns were cast loose, and pointed at the scene of drunken disorder, by men who were very little less intoxicated than the comrades they were disposed to murder—the match was lighted, and the work of destruction was about to open with deadly effect, (for the shot could not fail of doing great execution) when Peterson and Graves thought it time to interfere.

“ Avast ! ye man-eating rascals,” bellowed old Tom, “ them guns was only cast for enemies, not shipmates—drop the match you cuckoo-clock making wagabone,” and he knocked the ignited match from the hand of the man who was kindling them for others, and, snatching it up, he hove it overboard.

“Out o’ that wid yer,” said O’Rafferty, as he aimed a furious blow with a hand-spike at the head of Graves, but the latter dexterously avoided it, and catching up a boat-hook kept him at bay.

“Are you all rapparteers,” exclaimed the boatswain, addressing the men. “Is there no Figginties among you all?—Teddy, will you side again your skipper, and shoot your messmates?”

“Not a taste in life,” said Teddy, ranging himself with old Graves, “Ireland for ever—horroo!” and in an instant he was followed by several others, so as to render the balance of physical strength somewhat equal. O’Rafferty raved like a maniac, but his mad purpose was defeated, the guns were deserted, and the scenes of the shore were re-acted on the vessel’s deck, and general tumult prevailed.

Such was the state of affairs when Mike Hagan (who had descended from his country seat in the mountains with a communication to the mate from the dwarf) suddenly appeared

amongst them. Whether he fully comprehended the spectacle or not, is a matter of no material consequence ; certain it is that, he no sooner beheld the affray, than, bounding into the thick of it, he swung a heavy shillalah round his head, without giving any previous instruction on whom it was to fall. "The Philistines are on yer, boys," shouted he, laying it on right and left ; "and there's a short dthrop and a long swing for every mother's son, and ye all fightin ;" down came the weapon again. "Is it brake the pace you will, then ?" another blow, "and the raal inimy close at hand—hurroo, Paddy Kieran ;" and Paddy felt the weight of the stick. "I'm ould and wake now, but times has been, Dinnis," and down went Dennis at full length. "It's meself as manes to befriend yer all and hannimandhioul, but you'll be quiet, will you.' Thus Mike continued, keeping his twig in full occupation, till he was confronted with the mate. "Arrah, Mr. Rafferty, it's a message I've got for yer," and, from sheer impulse, he flung himself



forward and struck the officer a severe blow on his freshly-set collar bone, hat made the fracture worse, and the pain a thousand times more acute. The mate yelled with anguish as he fired a pistol at Mike, but, from the unsteadiness of his aim, without any injurious effect. "Bad manners to your oncivil sowl," said Mike; "and me come down to your thave's hole, to befriend yer in regard o' the Baccah. It's out o' this you must get afore daybreak, and run for Birdoh; the captain's a prisoner—why?"

But O'Rafferty was suffering too much pain to heed what Hagan said, though Peterson immediately questioned him, and, from much cunning as well as deception, contrived to extract the truth as to the captain's capture; for Mike had secretly followed the party of Dobson, and witnessed the unsuccessful attempt of Feaghan to escape; he then returned to his hut, removed the old chest, and the dwarf ascended from the concealed cavity.

"By the powers, but they've got him any

how, Mister Cornelius," said Mike, and he related the occurrence he had seen, as well as their securing the captain's person.

"He is a rash, wrong-headed fellow," said the dwarf, "and would merit the punishment he has drawn upon himself, but that I want his further help; I must see to that myself, and instantly too, though my future prospects call me to the cutter. But, Mike," uttered he, in the most winning and musical tone of voice, "Mike, I must repose the utmost confidence in your zeal and discretion; I have been your benefactor, Mike, and saved you from a death of shame. Your residence here is unknown to them as would gladly have you in their power. Feaghan has ever befriended you, and he is now in captivity; will you faithfully perform my bidding, and thus enable me to hasten to the captain's rescue."

"It's meself as will do that thing, Mr. Cornelius," returned Hagan; "ownly tell me what it is, and I'll jomp lyke a billy-goat to perform it."

“ Well, then, after my departure,” responded the dwarf, “ you must away to the cove, and tell O’Rafferty to get the cutter out, and run for Bordeaux, as the Spider is coming along the coast to look for them. Not a moment must be lost, and Feaghan shall join him in the Garonne. Now, do you understand this, Mike ?”

“ Faith, an’ I do,” returned Hagan ; “ an’ you may consider it as good as done, barring I’ve ownly to tell it Mr. Rafferty.”

“ But there is another thing, Mike,” said the dwarf. “ Captain Feaghan has brought over with him, this last trip, a pretty child. Whether it is his own or not, I cannot take upon myself to say ; but I have my suspicions, Mike.”

“ The praste’s niece,” observed Hagan, musingly : “ yet no—Miss Jane’s too howly for that. Yet love is the divel, and it’s only the vestments as frightens it away.”

“ It is of no consequence to throuble ourselves in endeavours to ascertain its parentage,” said the dwarf ; “ but the child must be brought

ashore in safety, and kept in secrecy till fetched away. It is a boy, Mike—a pretty boy, and Feaghan is very fond of it; even Rafferty loves it as if it were his own, and perhaps he will not let it come. You must try to do the thing by stealth, Mike. If you succeed, here's an earnest of my future reward." And he threw a guinea into the old man's open palm.

"I'll schame it for you, Mister Cornalius," replied Hagan; "and may the howly saints bless your honour for your bounty. He shall be brought, safe and snug as a fish in a basket, and divel a sowl shall have a knowst of the matter, barring its yourself and Captain Feaghan."

"And now I think of it, Mike," added the dwarf, "you know the secret passage to the cave?"

"Is it the store cave your honour manes?" returned Hagan. "It's myself as does, and well, too."

"The boy must be taken there for the pre-

sent, Mike," said the dwarf; "and as soon as he is secured, come and let me know. Poor Feaghan! I fear he is beyond my rescue, but I must try my best. Some wine, Mike, or brandy; the keen air of the mountain chills the blood."

Without hesitation Hagan quitted the hut, and in a few minutes returned with a horn of brandy, which the dwarf swallowed. "You'll be correct and punctual, Mike?" said he. "Remember that it is for our good friend, Captain Feaghan, that I make the request; and the successful issue will confer a great favour upon myself—a very great favour. Act cautiously—feel your way in the affair—trust to no one, but do it all yourself. I have witnessed many specimens of your sagacity. Now, try what more you can accomplish. Bring the boy away;"—and an ill-repressed chuckle of delight escaped the dwarf, as he anticipated the wished-for success to his plan.

They parted—Mr. Cornelius to perform the feat already described, of releasing Feaghan from

confinement—Hagan to deliver his orders to O'Rafferty, and to steal the boy clandestinely away. As before related, he found the cutter's men in a state of mutiny ; and he gave O'Rafferty a friendly admonition against drunkenness, which laid him on the deck, and he was carried down to his cabin. The commands of the owner were, however, imparted to Peterson, who, without hesitation, began to prepare for hauling out of the cove. The news of the captain's capture, and the probability that their own would follow, quelled the turbulence of the crew, and most of them, though wild with liquor, felt the strong inducement there was for exertion, and went to their duty as well as they could, prompted by self-preservation.

Mike watched his opportunity. He cautiously descended the companion-ladder, and having entered the cabin, looked anxiously around ; but the prize he sought was not to be seen. The groans and imprecations of O'Rafferty informed him which state-room the mate was in ;



and passing over to the opposite one, he felt the bed-place—found a child, and gently raising it in his arms beneath his cottamore, he went on deck—quietly attained the boat, and before the sleeping boy awoke he was half-way between the cutter and the shore. A threat from Mike frightened him into silence, and they were soon landed on the rocks and ascending the mountain.

Peterson and Graves lost not a moment in hauling out to the entrance of the cove; the sails were set, and every thing in readiness—yet still the second-mate clung to the hope that the captain might escape; and, therefore, he determined not to start till just before the break of day. The time arrived, and Feaghan not making his appearance, the stern-fasts were cast off, the breeze was favourable, and away flew the cutter, as if rejoiced that she was once more to try her speed.

It was a resplendent morning; the wind was fresh and cool; the sky was serene and clear;

and though the long swell came rolling in, as the relics of the late gale, yet the surface of the water was smooth. Many were the anxious eyes, that looked with intense eagerness to the offing, as the cutter launched boldly out of the bay into the main ocean, and, taking the wind on the starboard beam, steered a north-west course, to gain a good distance from the land. But scarcely had they opened out from Sheep's Head, than the Spider and the Dolphin were revealed to their view, about three miles distant, upon their lee bow, making all sail in chase.

Peterson was at first undecided how to act; if he hauled to the wind, there was every chance of falling in with a cruiser or a revenue vessel along shore; if he kept his course, he must pass close to the two vessels who had hove about in order to near and to intercept him; and if he at once ran away before it, they could sail nearly as well as the Blue Bob, and men of war were plentiful in the fair way to the British Channel.

“What would be the best to be done, Graves?”

inquired the second mate of his subordinate, the boatswain. "I feel inclined to run, as giving us the better chance. The sails are all repaired, Tom?"

"With my own palm and needle, muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "new cloths in the mainsel; a bran new square-sel, from the store; a spare gaff topsel, and a new square topsel, ready bent. I warn't idle, sir, whilst they were working the crop, and there were four good hands to help me, whilst another gang knotted and spliced the rigging, as you well know, seeing as it was under your own directions."

"Well, then, we'll bear up, I think, Tom," said Peterson, in a tone and manner which indicated a desire to ascertain the veteran's opinion; but he was silent. "D—— it, Tom, why don't you speak?" added the second mate, impatiently. "You know how much I prize your skill?"

"But there's another aboard, muster Peterson," replied the boatswain; "and though he is hove down on his beam ends, and was owld Davy

himself, yet, Captain Feaghan not being in command, muster Rapartee ought to be towld how we're bamboxtered."

" You remind me of my duty, Tom, and I thank you for it," returned Peterson; " see all clear, old boy, for swaying the spread-yard aloft, and get the squarsel and topsel up in readiness."

" Ay, ay, sir !" responded the boatswain, as Peterson went below. He found O'Rafferty in a raging fever, and wholly incapable of issuing any command, or even understanding what was said to him, whilst in his delirium he raved of deeds of blood and vengeance that made the heart sick to shuddering.

The vessels were rapidly approaching, when Peterson ascended to the deck. The Spider was right ahead, keeping away towards the smuggler; the Dolphin, full-and-by to get the weather-gage, was on the schooner's lee quarter, and both were within hail of each other. " Are you ready for making sail there forud ?" shouted Peterson, and the " Ay, ay,—all ready, sir !" being respond-

ed, his voice was again heard :—"Ease off the main-sheet !—haul forud the boom-guys !—Up with the helm, lad—hard up, and keep her away before it !—down with the foresel, and get the square-sels on her as quick as you can. Bear a hand, my hearties, and we'll be drinking claret to-morrow night !"

"And cowld stuff it is, muster Peterson," said the boatswain; "it chills the bowels to think on it."

"Get the sail on her smartly, Tom, and all hands shall have a dram to make 'em steady at the guns, should they be wanted," exclaimed the second mate; "run up that square-sel there, forud. Steady, boy, steady,—mind your helm !"

The cutter was now tearing away before the wind, and, being flying light, her superiority in sailing was very soon evinced; her enemies could not get her within reach of shot, and by night were hull down astern. The following morning they were nowhere to be seen, and the Blue Bob, with a ten knot breeze, was abreast of the Pen-

marks Point ; in the evening a pilot boarded them off the Chasseron light, and continuing their course, by the aid of the Cordovan, they ran into the Garonne, and anchored off Royan. The next day they were again under way, and in the afternoon moored the cutter abreast the beautiful city of Bordeaux.

END OF VOL. I.



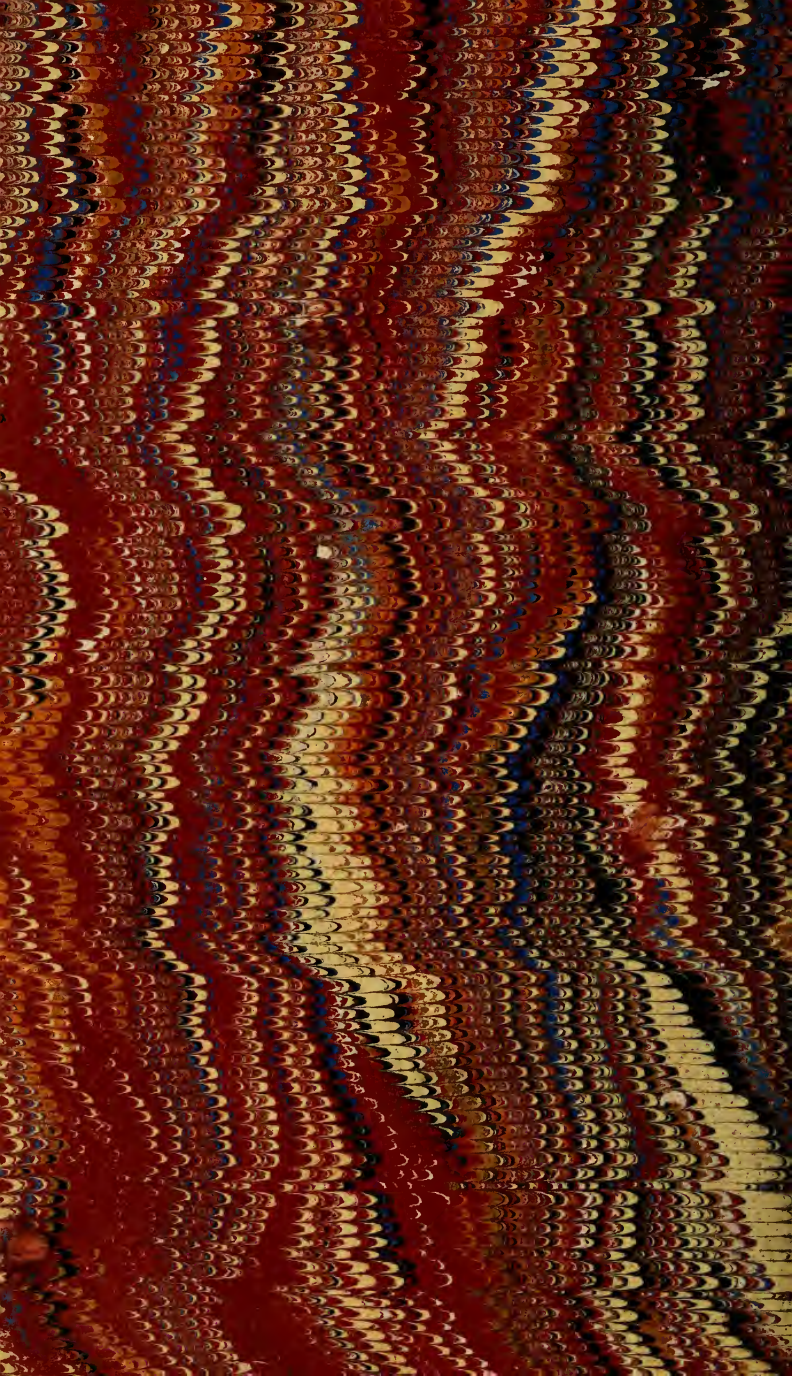




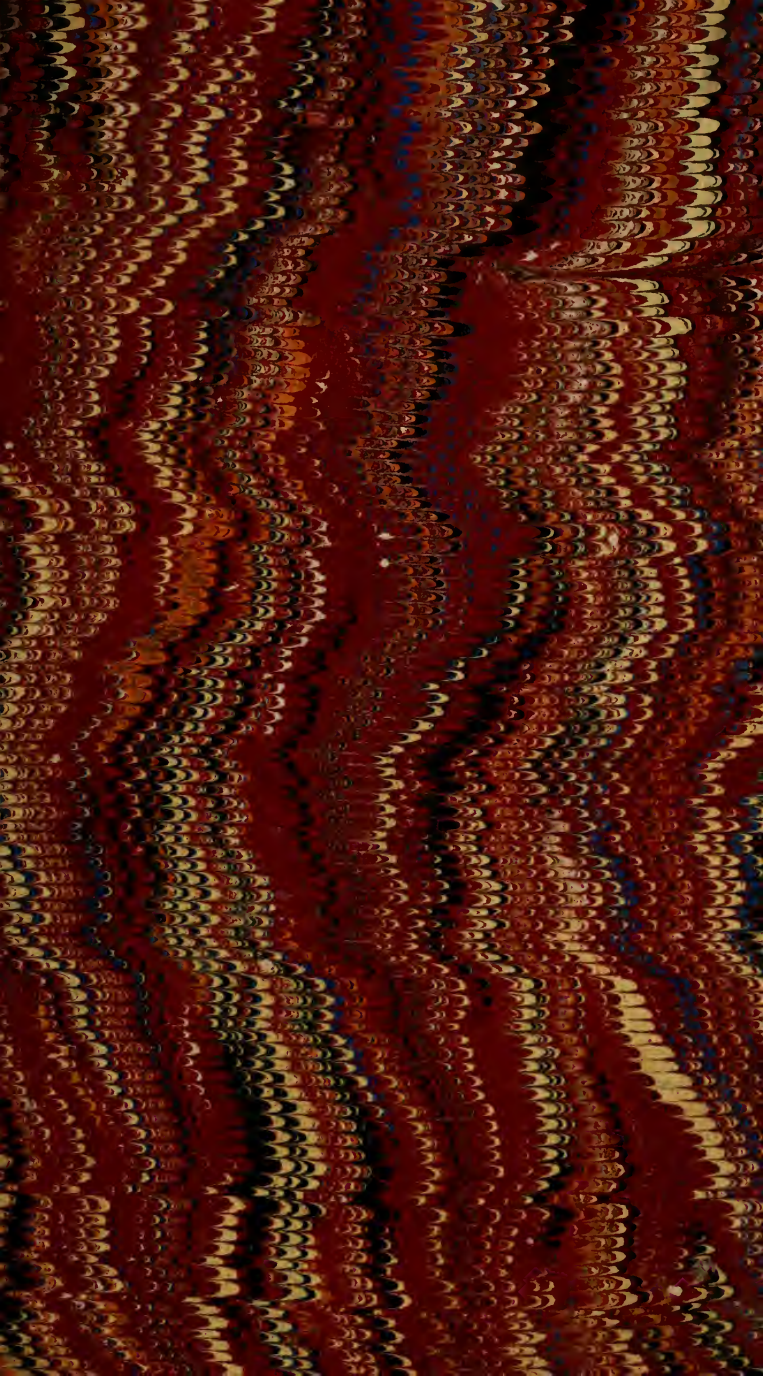


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